CARTOONIST PROfiles

KERRY DRAKE
At noon, Chuck, Brian and Meg drive out to the Wharton Castle...
HOLY BALONEY! IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!
HOLY PRINCE VALIANT, YOU MEAN! THIS IS THE PERFECT PLACE FOR A MUSEUM OF CARTOON ART!
IT MAKES YOU WANT TO SMILE! IT'S CRAZY!
HOLY KRAZY KAT! IT DOES!
The three young people approach the old castle cautiously...
IT LOOKS EMPTY, CHUCK!
They peer in windows and doors...
I CAN'T SEE ANYBODY!
LOOK! THE FRONT DOOR'S AJAR, BRIAN!
MAYBE SOMETHING'S WRONG, MEG! WE'D BETTER CHECK IT OUT!
IS ANYBODY HOME?
Alfred Andriola
Upstairs in her bedroom, Mary Wharton has fallen off to sleep...
HELLO?
IS ANYBODY HOME?
NOBODY! NO ANSWER!
WHO'S THERE? -SO! I THOUGHT I HEARD VOICES! WHO ARE YOU?

This is the beginning of an episode in "Kerry Drake"– based on the real Museum of Cartoon Art. For the story of how it came about read:

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"A PAEAN TO MY PEERS"

No. 40, DECEMBER 1978 $ 3.50

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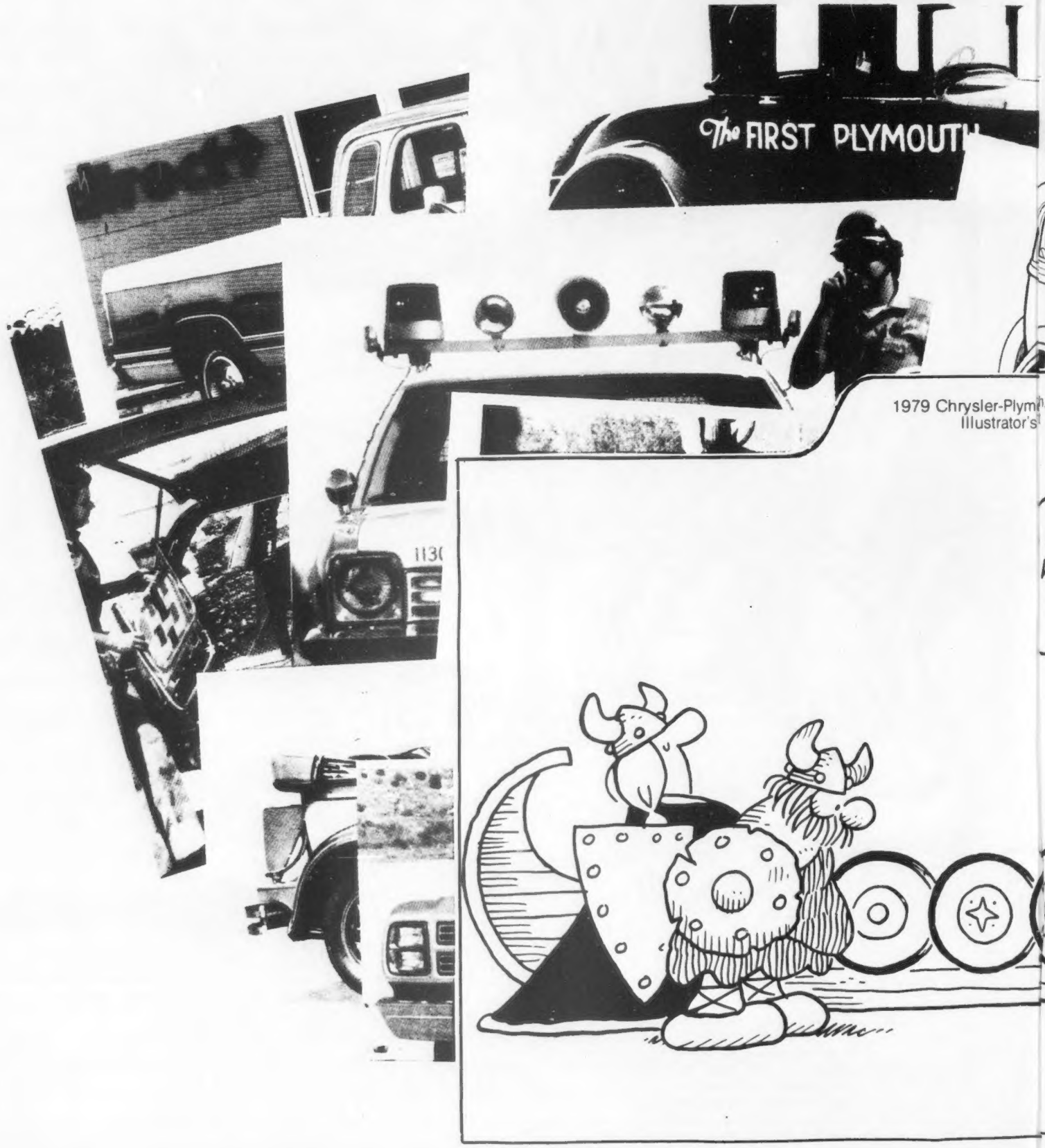

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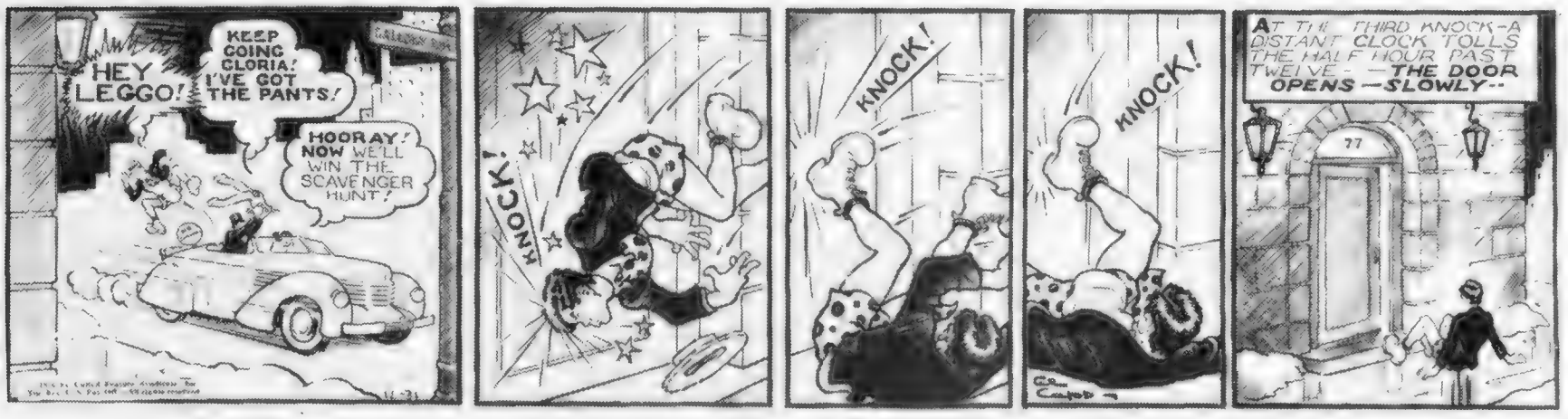
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KNOCK!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!
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77

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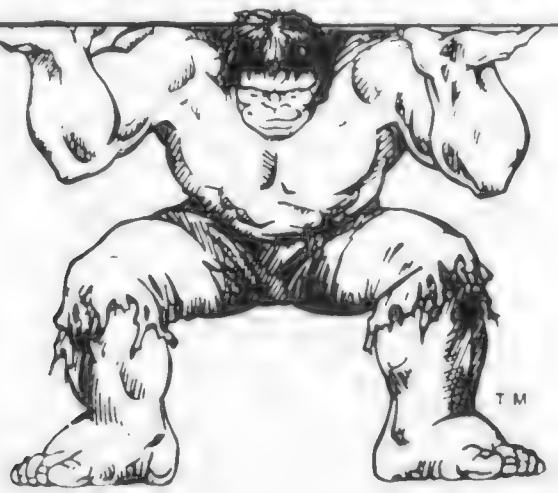

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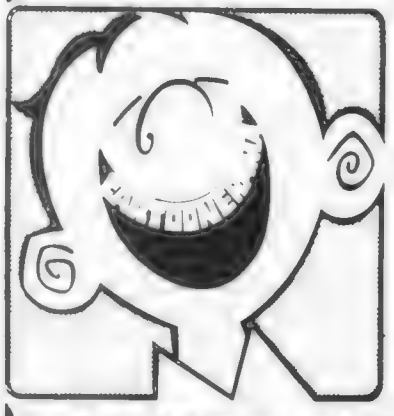

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CARTOONIST PROfiles

Editor: JUD HURD

Photos by Jim Ruth

December 1978, Number 40

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Merry Christmas!

MERRY CHRISTMAS to all you loyal readers who celebrate with me this 40th CARTOONIST PROfiles issue, the completion of 10 years of publication, and the more than 3200 pages which those issues have contained. I value more than I can tell you the warm and encouraging letters you've sent during those years. They've helped me to keep going!

And I appreciate a great deal the confidence the major newspaper syndicates have shown in me by presenting their advertising messages faithfully in the pages of CARTOONIST PROfiles. Their help has been invaluable.

And I'd like to add a word about future issues: Just as Number 40 was going to press, I had the opportunity to make an extended trip to the Los Angeles and San Francisco areas where I conducted more than a dozen interviews with west coast cartoonists. I think you'll find that the results of those talks, beginning in the issues for 1979, will be worth waiting for. Also I think you're aware of several of the new sources of information which are becoming available to the magazine—The Museum of Cartoon Art's important contributions and The San Francisco Academy of Comic Art's answers to your questions about comic strips. And commencing in the next issue, David Smith, who directs the archives at Walt Disney Productions, will answer your questions about Disney activities on a regular basis.

These newer features will of course be in addition to the same type of stories which have been featured in CARTOONIST PROfiles during the past 10 years. Once again—MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Jud Hurd

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Tribune photo by Charles Osgood

LOCHER

Chicago Tribune

THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER

Chicago Tribune Editorial Cartoonist, DICK LOCHER, first came to our attention several years ago when we had a letter from our old friend, MARTIN GARRITY, who had Dick as a cartoon student when Garrity taught at The Chicago Academy of Fine Arts. We later met Locher at an AAEC Convention in Washington and agreed to sit down together for a conversation about him and his work. Here is the result of that talk. His cartoons appear on the 'Perspective' page of The Tribune. Dick's relationship with the senior Tribune cartoonist, Wayne Stayskal, is close since they spent several years together at a Chicago art studio before coming to the paper.

Dick, and his wife Mary, have three children — Steve, who is at The University of Illinois preparing for a medical career, John, a high school student who likes cartooning, and 6-year-old Jana.

This past May The Scripps-Howard Foundation awarded Dick a special citation for distinguished journalism. And one of his conservation cartoons was put into the Congressional Record by the Secretary of the Interior.

Q: Does your editor ever tell you what kind of a cartoon to do?

A: Before I started here at The Tribune in 1972 the editor asked me if the cartoons I showed him were all based on my own ideas. When I told him they were, he said, "Good, that's the only way we'll have it. We don't furnish ideas — you're all on your own. You're either going to hang by them or live by them!" Thank God he said that because in the 5 or 6 years I've been here, I have never had anyone tell me what to do. I can choose to join the 10 o'clock meeting every morning or not. The editor, the managing editor, sometimes the publisher, the editorial writers and the cartoonists, talk about the hot items of the day. And whoever has those hot items has the floor. I may come out of those meetings with some thoughts that I like but I sit there forming *my own* ideas out of the dialogue we have and then I choose to draw what I like. Long ago the editor told me, "If we were going to furnish ideas, we'd hire an artist. We can go out and hire hands, but we're hiring a head!"

Q: Since you describe your self as kind of an old (47) newcomer here at The Tribune, Dick, our readers would like to hear about all of the professional experiences you had before coming to the paper.

A: Back in Dubuque, Iowa, when I was a kid, my dad brought home a pad of paper one day and asked me to draw something on it. After I'd drawn a picture of FDR that I had seen in the paper, dad said, "Is that all you're going to do? Aren't you going to make a *story* out of it?" I decided that that was a very astute question, and concluded then that you just don't draw a cartoon — you put a *story* with it. Although dad was a dentist, he was much

The paintings and drawings on this, and on succeeding pages, are all by Dick Locher.

interested in cartoons and often talked about things he'd enjoyed in Milton Caniff's work.

Q: When you got out of high school, you wanted to learn cartooning but you found that they didn't teach it in college, didn't you?

A: Yes. However I did go to the University of Iowa because Grant Wood was teaching there at the time, but he was fired the week I got there. After that they went into what I considered 'gobbledygook', with colors flying off in all directions, and I decided that that wasn't for me. Fortunately, I discovered brochures of The Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, and learned that its faculty included three professional cartoonists who really turned me on! They were Ed Holland, the political cartoonist on The Tribune, Rick Yager who was drawing 'Buck Rogers', and magazine cartoonist Martin Garrity. These lessons in cartooning, incidentally, were the first I had ever had. This was in 1949 and '50.

Q: I can appreciate particularly your enthusiasm for Martin Garrity's teaching, since he and I were Academy classmates some years previous to that time.

A: After two years at the Academy I went into the service and was assigned to Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio. My dad had been a pilot in World War I, and my brother was a B-29 pilot over Tokyo, so it seemed natural that I became a test pilot after my training, testing extra wheels on planes, heavy bomb loads, ejection seats, new canopies, new wing shapes, etc. I worked with some of the repatriated German scientists who had been involved with the V-weapons, and found this experience exciting. Every morning we started at 4AM, flew over the lake and into Canada — not quite to the DEW Line

and back again, testing the different items I mentioned. (At that time it was thought that if Russia invaded us, they would come over the pole.)

Q: After you came out of the service, you became Rick Yager's assistant, didn't you?

A: Yes — I worked on the drawing and even helped with the writing too. When I was at the Academy, one of my assignments had to do with my drawing a cutaway of a pirate ship. My drawing showed not only the cannons and other pieces of equipment on the ship but all kinds of goofy things going on — with the Captain sound asleep, everybody goofing off, gambling, etc. It just so happened that Yager was fascinated with pirates and he expressed a desire to have my cartoon. I agreed to trade it for a Buck Rogers original, and at his studio he asked me if I could come in and do pencilling for him. I did and gradually got into a little bit of the inking. He always did the faces, I did the boots and some backgrounds, and also began to write some of the story. Eventually Buck Rogers started to slip, and I left Yager in 1955 to go into commercial art work. I might add that when I got out of the service I did some teaching at the Academy at night. My debut in the commercial art world was with an art studio in downtown Chicago, headed by Elmer Holzapfel who, as you'll hear in a moment, was my great benefactor. I was cartooning again at the studio, was doing storyboards for TV, etc. When I replied affirmatively to Elmer's question as to whether I'd like to have the opportunity for further art training, he sent me out to the 'Art Center of L.A.' for a full year with all expenses paid! Since he paid my way out there, and took care of all my living expenses, he naturally lowered my salary to a minimum since I wasn't turning out anything

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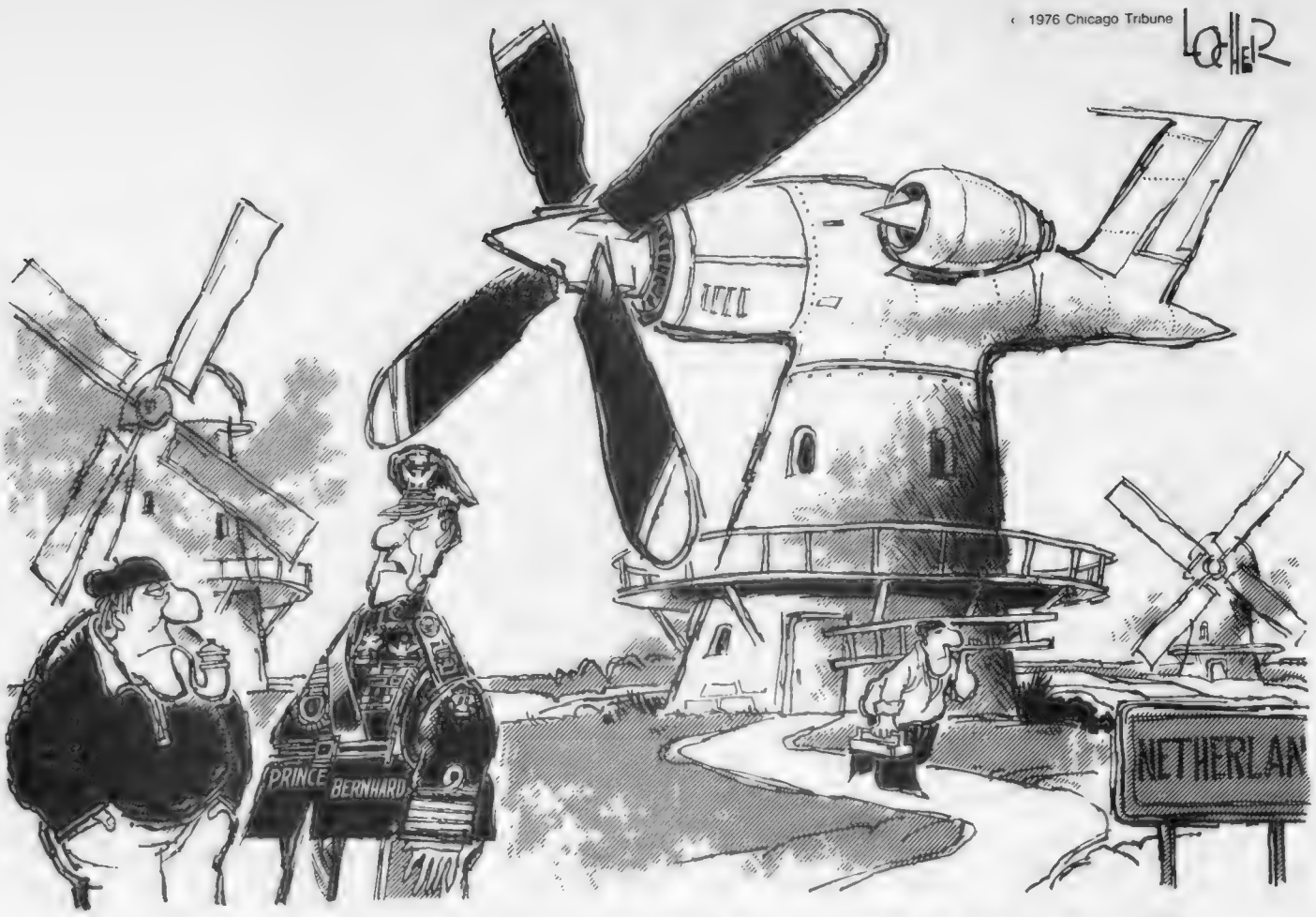


"What do you mean, Lockheed has had an influence in our country?"

"Needs S.A.L.T., Leonid!"

for him in Chicago. At the Art Center I studied illustration, photography, design, art history — everything. In your life you occasionally run across the one guy you owe everything to — and in my case that was Elmer Holzapfel. His studio, by the way, was Feldkamp Malloy and it's still going strong. I was with him five years, mostly working on Motorola and Zenith accounts, with some tractor accounts thrown in, and I was doing the cartooning and the illustrating on these projects. It was a good-sized studio since we had 72 people.

Q: Elmer must have been impressed with your careful workmanship, Dick.

A: Well, I remember his asking me if I was German, and after I told him the name was Swiss, he began to call me 'The Swiss Watchmaker'.

During my stay at the studio, I began to do some magazine cartoon work at the suggestion of Martin Garrity who advised me to send some stuff to Gurney Williams, then the Cartoon Editor at Look magazine. I got the Look batch all back but when Garrity urged me not to get discouraged, I fired them off to True and sold 8 of the 12 that I had submitted. I felt I was sitting on top of the world after getting $150 apiece for my efforts. Argosy bought some more and then mistakenly, I concluded that there was nothing to it! The New Yorker returned my first two batches but bought the idea — not the art — for one of the submissions in my third attempt. Peter Arno did the art which showed General Douglas MacArthur (who at the time was Chairman of the Remington Corp.) seated at a Remington, with the words on the return key — "I Shall Return!"

I was still at the studio and one day another opportunity presented itself to me, which I was able to accept through the kindness and generosity of my benefactor, Elmer Holzapfel. Martin Garrity had given my name to Andy Anderson at The Tribune. Andy, who was teaching strip cartooning at the Academy, and who was Chester Gould's assistant, told me that Dick Trac y's creator wanted to add another assistant. I went out to see Gould one Sunday and he made me a real good offer, but I figured that Elmer would die if I told him. However, once again he said that this was an opportunity I couldn't turn down, and he sent me off with his blessing, merely adding that he'd like to use my work from time to time if a particular job turned up.

Q: What was your work schedule like during the four years you were with Gould on Dick Tracy?

A: On Mondays I'd meet him in his Tribune Tower office to work on the story line and I was included in the writing of that. Then I would take the 6 daily strips (with the balloons pencilled in) home and would pencil in the characters. On Tuesdays also Gould would be pencilling-in the characters on the Sunday page. On Wednesdays I would go out to his studio in Woodstock, Illinois for the entire day. While there I would ink the Sunday page and he would ink the dailies. On Thursdays I would ink the lettering, and on Fridays color the Sunday page and deliver the week's work to The Tribune.

The Lochers. (Son, Steve, is away at medical school.)

Q: In 1962 you started your own art studio, didn't you?

A: Yes, and I had it for 10 years, primarily doing the same kinds of things I had done with Elmer. My best client was McDonald's Hamburgers for whom I designed some of their characters, and we also did a lot of work for Coca Cola, Beech Aircraft, John Deere, U.S. Steel, Cessna Aircraft, and The New Jersey Turnpike Assn., among others.

I might pass along something told me by an art director at McDonald's which may help younger people. He told me, "I buy *energy* — I don't buy art — I buy the enthusiasm behind the art. When a guy comes in with a piece of art, and the electricity is coming out of his collar, I know I've got a winner. I've seen some guys come in with presentations, they're asleep and I'm asleep. And I know we're not going anywhere with that. But if he has the energy — even if the art is a little on the mediocre side and not up to McDonald's quality — I know I can work with him."

I had always maintained my interest in political cartoons and on Sunday I would often do one just for my own amusement, just to see if I could do it, and to determine my reaction to the political events that were taking place. Over several years I had probably accumulated a pile of these which had been produced at a rate of about 25 a year. Well, dating from my association with political cartoonist Ed Holland in Academy days, I had continued to have lunch with him a couple of times a year. And on one of these occasions, after letting me know that Tribune cartoonist Joe Parrish was getting ready to retire, Ed asked me if I had any cartoons I could show the paper. When I told him that I had nothing on hand that was really current or contemporary, he suggested that I go home, do a dozen, and send them to the editor, Clayton Kirkpatrick. Several months passed after I submitted a batch, and then I was told that he would put me on, on a trial basis, and pay me per cartoon, till he saw if I was going to jell and fit into the Tribune picture. When the 3 months were up, I was hired in January 1973, and I can only say that it's a super-paper and that we've had a fantastic relationship!

The RED Side
START PLAY ON THIS SIDE
1. Hold the card LIGHTLY and, with slides A and B closed, turn the side wheels (C & D) in EITHER direction ANY amount. This "shuffles the deck."
2. Now align an arrow on both wheels with the arrows (E & F) on the card. That's BOTH wheels. To play POKER FACE it is necessary to flip this card twice.
3. But first — let's look at openers. Move the thumb slide (A) downward on the RED side. Red's openers are visible at G. Now flip to the BLACK hand. Black's openers are visible at H.
4. Stay pat or build the bet now, before Black moves his thumb slide B downward to reveal the complete Black hand. Wagers are possible again before flipping the card the final time to view the full Red hand.
5. Close both slides and repeat for a new deal.
POKER FACE
T.M.
G
C
E
F
D
CLOSE
A
OPEN
THE BLACK SIDE
WINNING ORDER
Royal Flush
Straight Flush
Four of a Kind
Full-House
Flush
Straight
Three of a Kind
Two Pairs
Two of a Kind
High Card
H
POKER FACE
It's Poker wherever you are —without a deck of cards. It's Poker on the go!
CLOSE
B
© 1970 Patent Pending
NOVAMARK CORPORATION
P.O. Box 1034
Oak Brook, Illinois 60521

Q: What's the best way for you to get a cartoon idea, Dick?

A: For me — and it probably doesn't work for other people — dinner conversations, lunch conversations, are the most fantastic way in the world. Whether the person you're with drinks, or doesn't drink, he's still going to tell you how he feels about the current situation, and his comments usually cut right to the bone with no BS. He lets you know what he's thinking. And when you get to know people, they start calling you up and asking whether a specific idea they've had is worthwhile. One friend from McDonald's comes up with priceless ideas at the lunch table.

Q: You make a lot of talks at schools, don't you?

A: Right — and one of the questions that's often asked is, "How do you get to be a political cartoonist?" And I always tell the group, "DESIRE!" That one word sums up everything. If you want to be one, sooner or later I think you're going to be one. If you don't get sidetracked, or find something better, or you're left an inheritance, you're going to be an editorial cartoonist. Students sometimes ask, "Do you have to be an artist or should you be a politicist?" I tell them, "I've known some very astute guys in the business as far as politics go, but who haven't been able to draw very well. But I think they're better off than the guy who can draw real well but who has no sense of politics. So the idea is KING!

Q: I understand that you've designed the only toy that's gone into space.

A: This all came from a promotion that Schlitz Beer wanted to turn out in the days when I had my studio. They asked me what I could come up with and I devised 'Beer Barrel Poker'. I figured that when the label on a beer bottle gets wet at a bar, the customer can slide it off, read a poker hand on the back of the label, and play poker with the guy next to him, presumably for the price of the beer. Schlitz liked the promotion but their legal department nixed the idea because of the gambling aspect. So we blew the promotion. But I thought it was a good idea so I came up with the little gadget you see pictured on this page. It weighs 2½ ounces and there are 500 poker hands for 3-card draw. If your readers will look at the explanation accompanying the picture of 'Poker Face', they'll probably understand a little better just how you play the game. I have a patent on it. And going back to the game's having been in space, here's the story on that. A friend of mine at Kodak, who was developing the films that were going to be used under different lighting conditions out in space, said, "Give me one of those and I'll send it down to the Space Center in Houston. Astronauts Roosa, Mitchell and Shepard, the team for the Apollo 15 mission, saw 'Poker Face' and said, "We'll sneak it on board", since they were authorized 10 pounds of personal material. So the game has been around the moon! Although our conversation here may

A very recent painting by Dick Locher.

Some of Locher's western bronze sculptures.

"and now for the good word- please turn to Volume 22, pages 63 to 86 verses 8 to 11 in your readers!"

not appear in print till somewhat later, at this point a supermarket chain is thinking of marketing it near their checkout counters. I have one of these on golf, and another on slot machines, and the chain is talking about selling the three of them together.

Q: Your energy seems unbounded! You stayed in the Air Force Reserve for 20 years, didn't you?

A: Yes, I had the temporary rank of Major and permanent rank of Captain, which I guess will get you a free burial plot somewhere. I was assigned to the Illinois Air Force Academy Recruitment Program, would go to high schools and try to get sharp kids for the Academy, and found this to be a very rewarding type of job to do as a Reservist. Once a year we'd go out to O'Hare Airport in Chicago, dredge up some planes and head out for the Academy. The Air Force has been good to me and has meant a lot. ●

"A PAEAN TO MY PEERS"

Photo by Larry Katzman

Alfred Andriola

By Alfred Andriola

I remember the first time I ever saw the unbelievable reality of the turreted building. It was a beautiful, sunny day—April 5th of this year, in fact—and the Newspaper Comics Council was holding its spring meeting at the Museum of Cartoon Art, formerly known as "Ward's Castle."

Four of us had driven over from our hotel for the Executive meeting that afternoon. As we got out of our cab we looked at the castle with a sense of disbelief. There were expressions of joy and surprise from Avonne Keller, who is secretary of the Council, Toni Mendez, who is Projects Chairman, and Hal Williams, the Sunday Editor of the Baltimore Sun.

Tony said, "It makes you want to *smile*!" and I thought that summed up the sunny feeling you got from looking at this improbable building.

I made a very original observation: "It looks like something out of Prince Valiant!", which obviously had been said by everyone who had already seen it and will be by everyone who will ever see it.

The truth is, it does. It reminds me of a sturdy, feisty, small medieval castle, the domain of some lesser knight or princeling, standing ready to protect itself against any macho warrior lord who might attempt to take it over.

We climbed the few broad steps, entered the tall doorway, and stood entranced in the silent foyer. I have had this special feeling upon entering small museums or churches in umber Italian villages. But this was a cathedral to *our own work*—the cartoons my peers and I have done for so many years, and now, miraculously, someone had erected this shrine for them!

Soon Jack Tippit came through another door, padded across the hall and greeted us with his broad, cartoon, Texas smile. Dear Jack—creator of "Amy", former president of the National Cartoonists Society, former colonel in the U.S. Air Force, former companion on a cherished jaunt shared with his wife Tina, Mort Walker, Larry Katzman, Dave Pascal and the Brant Parkers to Lucca, Italy—and now director of this glorious museum!

Proudly, he guided us through room after room filled with original comic art treasures. He showed us the ancient kitchen, the cavernous cellars, the dark, dung recesses which still awaited restoration.

Mort Walker appeared, his manner as unpretentious as ever. As I write this, I recall our escapade at the Leonardo da Vinci Airport in Rome, when, due to a clerical foul up, we were stranded without passage back to the States. Mort reminds me, from time to time, how I made impervious Italians understand, in no uncertain terms in my uncertain Italian, that they had better find two seats on a plane for us, or else. I don't know what my threats (backed by "sound and fury, signifying nothing") could possibly have been, but we were on the next plane for New York.

I recall Mort telling me, en route, about plans for the museum, his aspirations for what would eventually become the first Museum of Cartoon Art building in Greenwich, Connecticut. And I suggested to him that I thought a terrific choice for director of the museum would be—Jack Tippit.

But here Mort was on this April day, five years and one building later, the president of the museum, as he had been the president, years before, of the National Cartoonists Society. He was also the *father* of this museum, as he was the father of seven children and almost as many comic strips. The pride and the pleasure were like electric sparks in his eyes.

The two young curators of the museum also welcomed us—Chuck Green, his beaming smile flashing through his black fringe of beard; Brian Walker, one of Mort's sons, more reserved than Chuck, but equally engaging.

These four had made a superhuman effort against many odds to revitalize this ancient, abandoned building. They had all worked hard raising funds, contracting the special jobs and joining in the physical work that involved some thirty hardy volunteers. Now, though much still remained to be done behind the scenes, the castle was showing its new clothes and was ready to welcome a world of comics fans!

Concerning the facts about the castle, it's best for me to quote directly from an anonymous article in "Inklings", the museum's own periodical:

" 'The Castle,' 'Ward's Castle,' or 'Ward's Folly' as it has been known to area residents for years, was completed during our country's 100th year, 1876, by wealthy industrialist William E. Ward. Rumor has it Ward promised his mother, who was gravely afraid of fire, that he would build her a fireproof house one day. Using a now common reinforced concrete technique (which Ward himself helped to develop), he built the house over a period of five years with 4,000 barrels of Portland cement, 8,000 barrels of sand, 12,000 barrels of North River Limestone, an equal amount of beach pebbles, and iron I-beams and rods. . . .

"The 17-room house has always been a landmark in the area, however. It has attracted the curious for years and has been a cherished part of the landscape ever since its construction . . . Local children in the vicinity of the Castle, on the Connecticut-New York line, told tales of dungeons and dragons, and it was left to the most courageous

of trick or treaters on spooky Halloween nights to brave the long walk up to the Castle's imposing door. Those few individuals who warily approached the eerie structure on those gloomy nights were always cheerfully greeted by the Ward sisters, Winifred and Dorothy, and offered cider and cookies by the warmth of the fire."

The article went on to say that the building, while ideally suited to the museum's purpose, had been a white elephant on the housing market, and, because of lack of tenants, had fallen into disrepair.

I absorbed these facts, saw the transformation, heard stories from one interested person after another, learned that the castle had been placed on the National Register of Historic Places in 1976, and that the Museum Corporation received a $30,000 grant from the National Parks Service to help in the purchase from the Ward estate.

It is a place of constant surprises. Just before our Council meeting came to an end, Lenora Williamson, of Editor and Publisher, discovered a raccoon curled into a furry ball, asleep in the sunny security of a narrow parapet leading from one of the upstairs windows. Excited and gleeful, she led a group of us up to watch him (her?), but it slept on, unconcerned about all the activity that was going on inside.

All during those two days, my mind was crammed with thoughts of the building. What a great place, I kept saying aloud to everyone, and possibly to myself, because suddenly I heard a voice in my head: "A perfect setting for a Kerry Drake story!" And from that point on, while the meeting proceeded, the thought would not go away. "A sequence about this old castle! About the museum itself! About how it came into being!"

But first, I must get permission to use the museum as a "character" in my strip. I arranged to have lunch in New York with Jack Tippit. I told him what I had in mind. He was intrigued, assured me it would be okay, told me to go ahead.

Now I've been handed the gauntlet, where do I go with it? Where do I start? How do I involve Kerry and not make it seem as though he were taking *credit* for the museum? What kind of a plot? . . . Fiction, of course . . . but using the building . . . and some aspects of the real transformation from deteriorating castle to flourishing museum.

Characters . . . I discard a number of ideas and settle on an elderly lady who lives in this castle . . . with memories of her dead husband . . . A name . . . ? Ward, Ward—*Wharton*! My mother is elderly (well, more than that—she is 98!), her name is *Mary*. I can go with that . . . *Mary Wharton!* . . .

Plot . . . discard, discard . . . Yes, a will—legal, proper . . . and a second will—holographic, hidden . . . The pieces I accept are falling into place.

But then what—? How does this castle *become* the Museum of Cartoon Art? . . . Two young men, comics buffs who run a small museum exhibiting their own collection . . . They need a larger place . . . They see this unique building which appears deserted. It's their dream come true! Okay . . .

I decided early on not to use any real cartoonists in the strip, because I couldn't mention one or two—or ten or twelve—and leave out all the other guys I know and admire.

But since I am using two young men—why not—? . . . Yes, why not use the two real curators of the museum itself—Chuck and Brian? Not Mort Walker, not Jack Tippit—they are cartoonists. I need young people as a contrast to my old lady, so they can befriend Mary Wharton and fascinate her with their hopes and aspirations for a Museum of Cartoon Art. In a sort of "inside bow" to Mort and Jack, however, I switch *my* characters' last names: Chuck Green becomes Chuck Walker and Brian Walker becomes Brian Tippit.

Now I've got to get to the castle with a cameraman to take pictures of the exterior and the interior; of my "heroes," Chuck and

L to R: Brian Walker & Chuck Green

Brian.

The day we set for the visit to Port Chester, I am laid up in bed and it is raining. I send Richard Schiffman, a photographer friend, and Rick Di Cecca, who is to oversee the "shooting." They have never been to the museum or met any of the people involved, but they come back glowing with delight over it—and them.

"We had a marvelous time! The museum is fantastic! Jack is a great guy! Chuck is a charmer! Brian is bright and knowledgeable!" I feel cheated, left out, so my cold gets worse, but my spirits are high because the two of them are so enthusiastic about the project.

The pictures, taken under adverse lighting conditions on a gloomy, rainy day, turn

out surprisingly well. But Chuck has played an unexpected trick on me! (The rain has continued for days, I'm still in bed, and with this last blow my cold gets worse.) I call Chuck on the phone: "What have you done to me? *You've shaved off your beard!*" Comic strips appear so small in newspapers these days, I was counting on the beard to distinguish him from Brian!

Chuck, unperturbed: "Oh, that's all right! I shave it off for baseball season, but I'll be growing it again in the fall. Go ahead and do me with the beard!" So the day looks bright in spite of everything else.

Jack supplies me with more references of the building in the process of restoration. I make sketches of *my* Chuck and *my* Brian from the photos of the real articles. Okay so far . . .

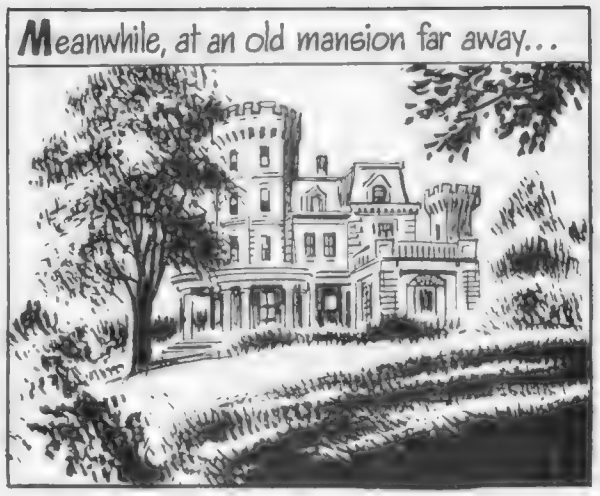
But I need a pretty girl—not necessarily a "jiggly"—as T.V. execs refer to all those girl sit-coms: 3 girls playing detective, in a plane, a boat or a high school gym . . . Enter Meg Hardy. But which boy gets the girl? It's a toss up. I give Brian the girl and Chuck the role of discovering the castle.

So far I've got a cast, but no catch 22. So "Aunt Pretty", my rich old lady, acquires a garrulous nephew-by-marriage, his sycophantic wife and their more than petulant son.

I make sketches of them. Big Ben Wharton, the nephew, comes off with the initial try; his wife proves more reluctant to appear from the image in my mind. I discover that the problem is mainly in her hair-do. I change it and she crystallizes on paper. Their son, Benjy, defies me several times. I try him skinny, I try him hippy (not in the hips, but in his character); they just don't spell him out for me. In the third try I make him surly, pudgy and put glasses on him: now he looks like his father's son!

The sketches of all my lead characters are complete. Meanwhile, I have been plotting a synopsis on paper. Kerry Drake has to come into the picture and I've worked out the device. As a matter of fact, I start with the relationship between him and Mary Wharton.

The opening of the sequence, as it appeared on Sunday, August 13, shows the old castle, then the dark interior, next a staircase leading up to the second story and a voice trailing from above: "Yes, yes . . . I want to speak with Kerry Drake!" The final panel shows a black and shadowy hallway, with one of a pair of doors slight ajar. We do not see who is speaking, but the voice continues to float through the opening: "Yes, *Lt. Drake,* of course! Tell him this is *Mary Wharton*—and it's *urgent!*"

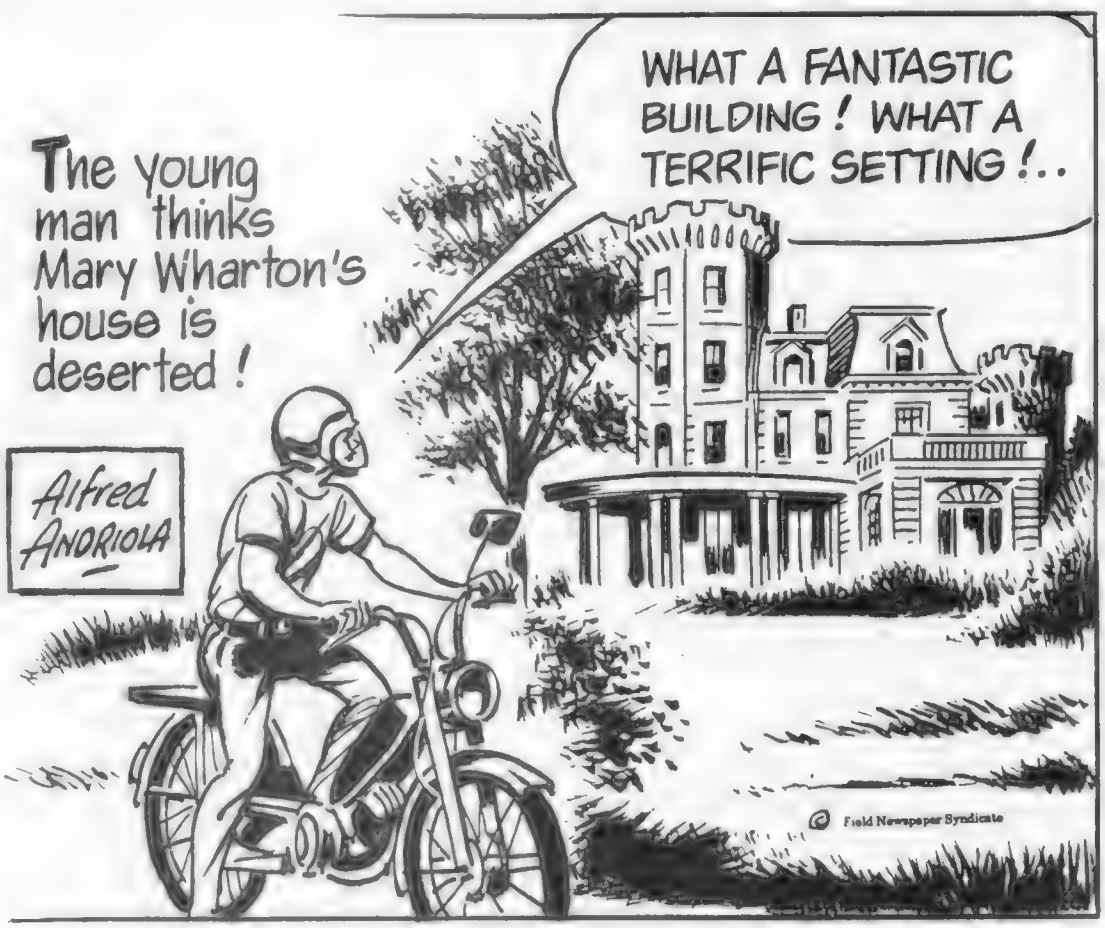


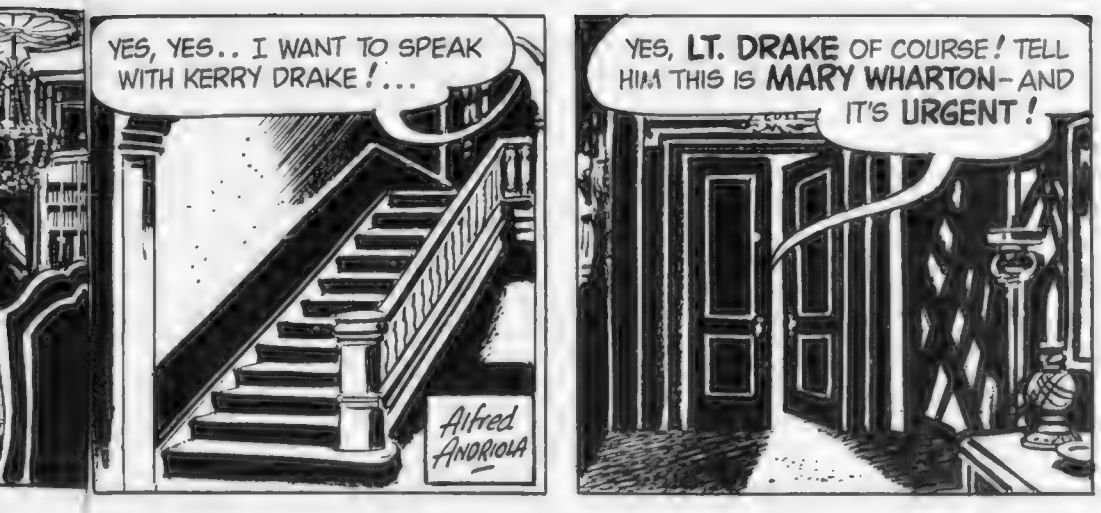
Who is this woman? Why does she live in this lonely castle? What is her relationship to Kerry Drake? Tune in tomorrow for further revelations! . . . If the magic has worked, I've hooked the reader into buying tomorrow's paper.

Gradually, during the next week, we get to learn more about Mary Wharton, as she and Drake carry on an amiable conversation and the camera keeps moving in closer and closer. It isn't until Wednesday that we get a closeup of her saying to Kerry: "Thank you, dear friend. You are very special to me!"

Kerry is not only a friend. He and his wife Mindy are executor s of Mrs. Wharton's will, and now she has decided to write another one.

At this point Chuck Walker rides by the house on his Moped. He is surprised to see the "Bloomin' castle," and hopeful: "If it's empty!—if it's a white elephant . . . it will make a great *museum*!" He's off to tell Brian and Meg.


WHAT A FANTASTIC BUILDING! WHAT A TERRIFIC SETTING!..
The young man thinks Mary Wharton's house is deserted!
Alfred ANDRIOLA
Field Newspaper Syndicate


YES, YES.. I WANT TO SPEAK WITH KERRY DRAKE!...
Alfred Andriola
YES, LT. DRAKE OF COURSE! TELL HIM THIS IS MARY WHARTON–AND IT'S URGENT!

We see the old barn that houses their present museum; we see Happy Hooligan, Krazy Kat, Ignatz Mouse, the Yellow Kid, Pogo, Polly with her pa, Abie the Agent and Boob McNutt on the walls. Here, too, I had to make a decision. If I showed any current strips, I would work myself into a difficult situation: I couldn't show *all* of them, so I decided to show none. Only those strips which are no longer appearing in print appear in the sequence. It was safe that way. No one's feelings could be ruffled.

Chuck takes Meg and Brian to see the castle. They are all intrigued by its appearance. In writing the dialogue, I remember what Toni Mendez said months before—and it becomes Meg's line as she looks at the building that's almost out of make-believe: "It makes you want to *smile*!" By such cribbing, great dialogue is born!

BRIAN, SINCE I'VE LOST MY LEASE ON THIS OLD BARN–
–AND WE NEED A BIGGER PLACE TO MOVE OUR COLLECTION OF COMIC STRIP ART–
SO?
© FIELD NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE

I GREW UP ON THE COMICS! HAPPY HOOLIGAN! THE KATZENJAMMER KIDS! POLLY AND HER PALS!
WE'RE COMICS FREAKS! CHUCK AND I HAVE A MUSEUM OF CARTOON ORIGINALS— OLD AND NEW ONES—
Alfred Andriola
—AND I STILL READ THEM EVERY DAY!
Mary has decided to do something for Chuck, Brian and Meg!..
WHY NOT?.. YES! I'LL LEAVE THIS HOUSE TO THEM, CYRUS—AS A MUSEUM! DON'T YOU AGREE?
Alfred Andriola
PEOPLE CAN COME HERE AND SEE ALL THE WONDERFUL COMIC STRIPS THAT HAVE BEEN CREATED—
LET'S START A FUND-RAISING CAMPAIGN FOR A NEW MUSEUM BUILDING!
LEAPIN' LIZARDS! THAT'S A GREAT IDEA! AND WE CAN ASK CARTOONISTS TO CONTRIBUTE COMIC STRIPS FOR AN AUCTION!
YOU TWO REMIND ME OF MICKEY ROONEY AND JUDY GARLAND PUTTING ON A SPECTACULAR MUSICAL IN AN OLD BARN! IT'LL NEVER WORK!
FOR WEEKS, CHUCK, MEG AND BRIAN ENLIST THE AID OF RELATIVES AND FRIENDS, RAISE MONEY AND APPLY FOR GRANTS AND LOANS..
ONLY 10 THOUSAND MORE TO GO! WE'LL MAKE IT!
MUSEUM OF CARTOON ART
GALA FUND DRIVE FOR NEW BUILDING
Alfred Andriola

The three friends meet Mary and enchant her. They discover that she is a comics buff. She remembers "those marvelous comics—like Krazy Kat and Toonerville Trolley! I grew up on the comics! Happy Hooligan! The Katzenjammer Kids! Polly and her Pals! And I still read them *every day*!"

Mary Wharton is intrigued with Chuck's idea that her wedding gift from her husband might be a repository for so much original cartoon art:

"That would be a nice use for 'Wharton Castle'—after I'm gone! Cyrus would like that, too—wouldn't you, Cyrus?" She says to a bust of her dead husband.

"Did your husband read the comics, Mrs. Wharton?" Chuck asks her.

"Every day! He loved Krazy Kat, Boob McNutt . . . so many of them! I recall what our great friend, Conrad Aiken, used to say about comics: 'I read a great many . . . to get my bellyful!' " she reflects.

Actually, this quote is from my own experience. Aiken, the Pulitzer Prize poet and noted writer, answered a letter I wrote to him when I discovered that he was a comics fan, asking him if he would speak at one of our Council meetings. Ill health and the fact that "speechmaking was alas left out of my 'built'!" forced him to decline the offer, but he went on to say:

"Your own Kerry Drake has for long been one of my favorites, of course. But I have always, since the Yellow Kid in my childhood and Krazy Kat at college, been an addict, and not only that, but a great believer in the comic strips—both comics and non-comics—as being of tremendous importance as a social force. This cannot be underestimated—the comics reach people who are in other ways inaccessible, and it's extraordinary how quick the comic artists are to seize on social wrongs and weaknesses and expose them in a way that really gets home to the people who need to be got home to! Marvelous, and done with such unerring skill. As for me, I read a great many . . . to get my bellyful!"*

(*The entire letter appears in "Selected Letters of Conrad Aiken," Yale University Press, 1978.)

Mary Wharton's reference to Aiken in the strip for August 2 was my way of acknowledging his great love for our art. His widow, Mary Aiken, has asked for the original of that strip to be sent to the Huntington

Library in San Marino, California, where all of Aiken's memorabilia are stored for research and display. Included in the collection is the leather-bound book of inscribed original strips which we gathered from some 30 cartoonist members of the Comics Council and presented to him as a memento for his appreciation of our work.

But I digress, so . . . back to Mary Wharton . . . After Chuck, Brian and Meg leave, she writes a codicil to her new will and hides the document inside a sculptured bust of her husband.

The plot thickens, of course, with Aunt Pretty's death, a fire (I had to deteriorate that building in a hurry—I couldn't wait for the passing years to do it for me!), and the reading of the original will bequeathing the castle to the Whartons. Chuck, Brian and Meg buy "the white elephant", enlist the aid of relatives and friends, raise money and apply for grants and loans. To quote from the sequence:

"Then begins the long, hard and happy task of cleaning out the debris and restoring the old mansion to its original state. They supervise the work themselves wheedling plumbers, electricians, painters, and a dozen other contractors to keep the bills down! For weeks they work with paint and plaster, saws and sanders. No job is too grimy or mean!" Just as they did in *real* life!

While the plot with Kerry and the Whartons moves to its climax, the busy volunteers continue with the remodelling of the Wharton Castle. Chuck and Brian seal off Mary's fire-ravaged bedroom and post a sign with Hans and Fritz, those Katzenjammer Kids, saying: "Diss is a liddle reminder—DUN'T ENTER!"

Well, of course, someone does. And an accident happens, and Chuck winds up in the hospital. He asks Drake to add his autograph to the cast on his leg. This sends me to Jack for another request: Will he please collect some wise sayings and witty remarks from Chuck's friends, so we can insert the genuine article on the cast? Jack comes through with so many (obviously, Chuck has a lot of friends!) that we can fit only a few of them on the allotted space.

But more dire things are in store for Chuck and Company. Drake proves that Big Ben was involved in Aunt Pretty's death, so the legacy is forfeited, since Ben is legally a legatee and not an heir (by blood relationship). Even when Drake finds the second will, in which Mary Wharton left the

Kerry Drake rushes to the Wharton Castle to investigate the fire!...
HOW IS MRS. WHARTON? HOW IS SHE?
I'M AFRAID, LT. DRAKE— WE WERE TOO LATE!
POLICE
Alfred Andriola
Sururi Gumen
9-22
They supervise the work themselves, wheedling plumbers, electricians, painters and a dozen other contractors to keep the bills down!
For weeks they work with paint and plaster, saws and sanders. No job is too grimy or mean!
Week after week, busy volunteers continue with the remodeling of the Wharton Castle...
THAT OUGHT TO KEEP ANYBODY OUT!
DIS ISS A LIDDLE REMINDER-
DUN'T ENTER!
Merla Wharton, aghast at the casualty that has engulfed her son, is petrified with terror!
IT'S AUNT PRETTY! SHE'S COME BACK TO HAUNT US!

As the days pass, following the Wharton's intrusion into the Castle...

HOW'S THE LEG, CHUCK?

O, GREAT! THE DOC SAYS I CAN LEAVE SOON!

HEY, LOOK, LT. DRAKE! LOTS OF MY FRIENDS HAVE PUT THEIR SIGNATURES ON MY CAST! WILL YOU?

Alfred Anoriola

Sururi Gumen

FIELD ENTERPRISES, INC. 1978

10-25

QUIT GOOFING OFF, CHUCKY!

IT'S AN HONOR, CHUCK!

THEM'S THE BREAKS

Broke a leg! MORT WALKER

Cast it off, Chuck! Kerry Drake

Love to Chuckles! Joanna Miller

C.W. + M.D.

THIS IS ANOTHER ROOM OF OUR MUSEUM OF COMIC ART, MR. FARRELL—

JUMPIN' JUPITER! THERE'S LI'L NEMO! AN' FOXY GRAN'PA! AIN'T SEEN 'EM SINCE I WAS A WHIPPERSNAPPER, GIRLEE!

Alfred Anoriola

FIELD ENTERPRISES, INC. 1978

11-15

Sururi Gumen

AN' TILLIE THE TOILER! NOW THERE WAS A BEAUTY!.. TAKIN' NUTHIN' FROM YOU, GIRLEE! .. GIMINY! AH'M HAVIN' THE TIME O' MY LIFE!

THUNDER 'N' LIGHTNIN'!

I JUST GOT ME ONE GREAT BIG IDEE-!!

Meg takes Okay on a tour of the Museum...

THIS IS OUR OLD MASTER'S ROOM—

JUMPIN' JEHOSHOPHAT! I THOUGHT YOU MEANT LIKE REMBRANDTS— AN' WHAT WAS THE NAME OF THAT OTHER FELLER THAT DREW PITCHERS—?

LISTEN TO THE WORDS OF

Alfred Anoriola

FIELD ENTERPRISES, INC. 1978

11-14

Sururi Gumen

—BUT THIS HERE IS STUFF I GREW UP WITH! BOOB McNUTT!.. HAPPY HOOLIGAN!.. AN' THERE'S ALPHONSE AND GASTON! BY JINGO! AIN'T THAT SUMTHIN'!

OOB McNUTT

ALPHONSE AND GASTON

Okay Farrell has donated the Wharton Castle to remain as the Museum of Cartoon Art!.. Tonight is the gala opening!

WHAT A GREAT JOB THEY DID PUTTING IT TOGETHER!

I HEAR THIS MILLIONAIRE GOLD PROSPECTOR GAVE THEM ALL THEIR MONEY BACK— AND PAID FOR EVERYTHING!

THEY WORKED HARD FOR IT! THEY DESERVE IT!

house to her three new friends, it proves invalid because it was never properly witnessed and executed.

Meg asks Kerry: "How do you know so much about the law, Lt. Drake?"

Drake: "I studied law. I was an assistant district attorney before I went into police work!" That's true. But while Drake would know the intricacies of the law, *I don't*! So I hold several conferences, with my attorney, Joseph Cella, and he gives me all the legalistic jingo. He also checks out every word of text for the two weeks that involve this portion of the episode, making sure everything is properly phrased.

One day Joe arrives at my studio, a beautiful blonde on one arm, a present for me in the other: "Black's Law Dictionary, Revised Fourth Edition", almost four inches thick and inscribed: "8/3/78—to Al—A handy tool I often refer to—so why not Kerry? Sincerely, Joe".

Any cartoonist who wants to know the "Bar Admission Rules, Code of Professional Responsibility, Code of Judicial Conduct, Law Definitions, Pronunciations and Abbreviations" can apply to me. My rates are *cheap*!

However, I digress. Back to C, B and M and their dilemma, for they are gloomy and disconsolate:

"As required by law in a case where a legacy has been forfeited, Kerry Drake, as executor of the will, has a search made through records to find any legal heirs to Mary Wharton's will." Drake also "advertises in legal columns of newspapers and in law journals for possible heirs of the estate." Eventually, one is found, a charming old Westerner who comes in for the last two weeks and speaks in a mixed-bag of "old timer" and "new jive". For my money, he runs away with the show. To give you an idea, here are some of the strips in which he appears:

And so we come to the final Sunday page, the happy ending and the gala opening. The real "Castle-Warming" was held on November 12th, 1977, exactly one year before. Regretfully, I was not able to attend. Bunny and Milton Caniff and I were en route to London on a long-planned trip which could not be postponed. I felt cheated again! After all, London will always be there—hopefully, for centuries. The museum's opening was a once-in-a-lifetime event—but we missed it!

With a writer's prerogative, I recreate it now from photos—using some of the people who attended the real event. But I promised not to mention names of living cartoonists, so you will have to discover them for yourself among the celebrants at the feast.

One more thing: As the staff of the museum kept receiving the page proofs which Jack had asked me to have Field Enterprises send to them, I started getting feedback. Naturally I was anxious. How would they react to my re-creation? And then one day I knew it had been welcomed with at least some of the enthusiasm I felt for it: Jack asked me if I would donate the entire sequence of originals to the museum! I was pleased, of course. The museum will get them all, except for that one strip which will go to Conrad Aiken's library.

I thank all the beautiful people at the museum for their cooperation on this sequence, and my own staff—Joseph Pinto, Sururi Gumen, Rick Di Cecca—for their extra effort in putting it all together. It was a demanding job.

For my part, I never had a better time concocting and creating a sequence for Kerry Drake in the 35 years of its existence. It was a joy and a challenge. I think of it as a paean to my peers and our wondrous profession. I tried to express my feelings in the final panel of the story, which is reproduced here. To everybody, with love . . .

This has been a fictional story about a Castle which was restored in Port Chester, N.Y. It houses a fantastic collection of original art. We dedicate the story to the Museum of Cartoon Art, the people who made it possible, and the creators who inspired the dream!
GALA OPENING
MUSEUM OF CARTOON ART
Alfred Andriola

SAID & DUNN

Our 'Said & Dunn' columnist, BOB DUNN, whose King Features "They'll Do It Every Time" cartoon appears around the world in nearly 500 newspapers.

by Bob Dunn

Babe Ruth gave a lot of autographs — more than anybody in history, but unless the receiver of the treasured signature actually saw the Bambino sign, it was probably done by Eddie Bennett, batboy of the Yankees.

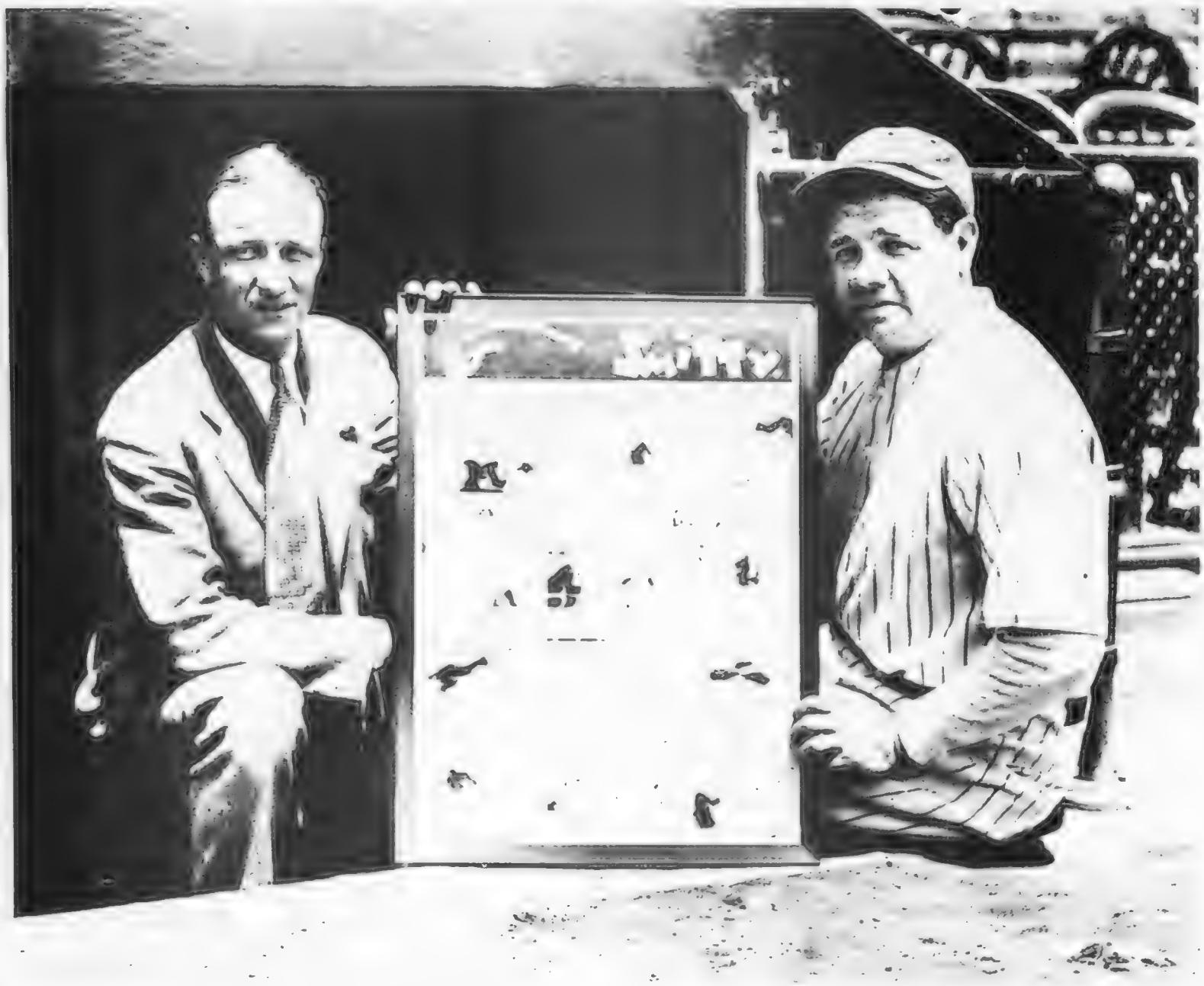
The autograph craze got going big right after World War 1. Fans sending for a photo of a reigning movie star might receive a picture with a printed autograph thereon, but when Babe Ruth exploded on the sports scene about 1919, his love of kids, and his accessibility plus a willingness to sign, really put the autograph craze in high gear.

Baseballs signed by an entire team became coveted trophies and were used as promotion pieces when presented to governors, mayors, politicians and/or their kids. A box of 12 new baseballs awaited the players of every team as they came into the clubhouse. The penmanship chore was too much to expect from the assorted descendants of Abner Doubleday, so the job was divided among batboys, ballboys, trainers, clubhouse attendants and other pro tem forgers. Each of these amanuenses would specialize in from one to ten players' handwriting. The batboy who signed for a man batting .360 would look down on the guy who did the signing for a .250 hitter.

Which brings me to the world of autographed and ghosted cartoons . . .

When I was in the Comic Art Department of King Features, there was a funny guy named Bill Mackey working in some capacity in the Editorial Department at the time of which I speak. Mackey brought into the syndicate office a white coat — the kind a doctor would wear. He asked me to draw Jiggs

Walter Berndt and Babe Ruth with a 'Smitty' Sunday page about the Babe.



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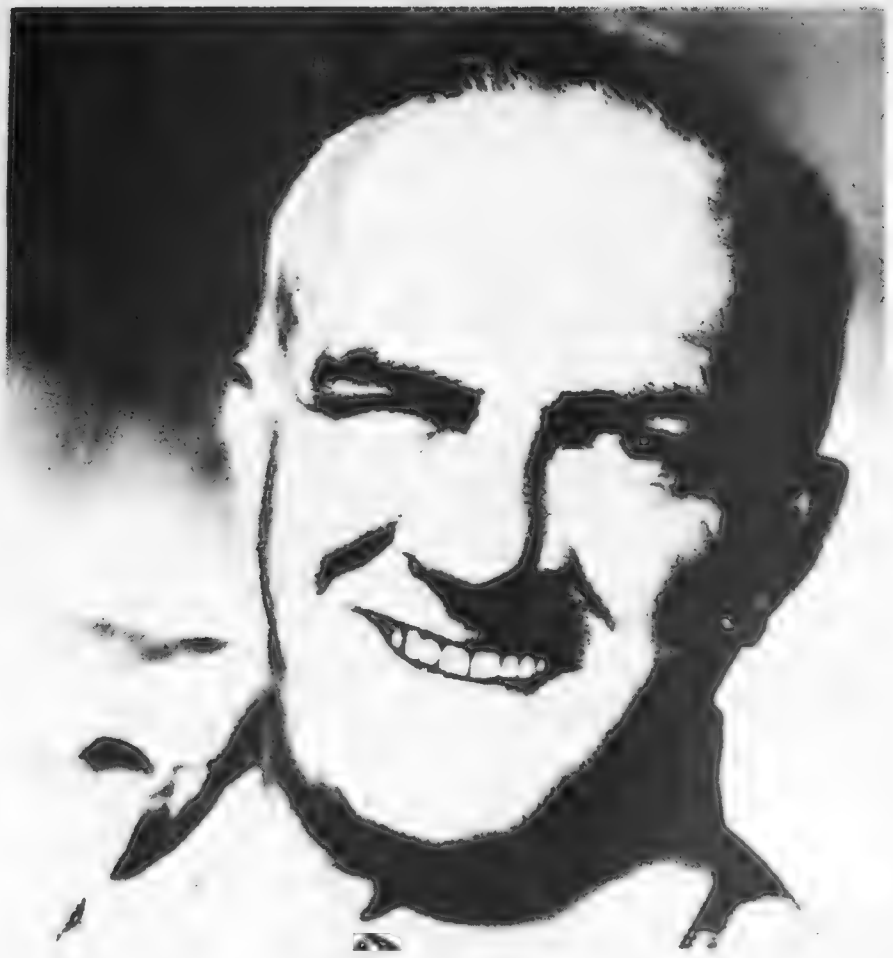


Bugs Baer

on the jacket and to duplicate the signature of George McManus. Mackey also got Sag Sagendorf to do a Popeye on one sleeve of the jacket and Jim Raymond to render a Flash Gordon on the other sleeve. When he had used all available ghost artists, he had ten world famous comic characters with personal greetings to 'Doc Starkey—best dentist in the world' (or similar sentiments) over the very familiar signatures of the greatest cartoonists in the business. Mackey smiled when I asked him who Starkey was. He smiled through a new set of Starkey's teeth for which the dentist had billed Mackey $400. "I'm givin' him a thousand dollars worth of comic art instead. He's at least six hundred bucks ahead.

●●●

Speaking orthodontially this is about Joe McGurk, out of Philadelphia, the fine pen and ink artist who drew the beautiful girl character, Kayo Tortoni.McGurk hit his peak in the middle 1920's. About 1930 he was verging on a breakdown and using any excuse not to work. He began to believe he had lost his ability to draw. His good friend, former Philadelphian and ex-comic artist turned humor columnist, Bugs Baer, did everything he could to get McGurk back in action. Bugs, in New York, was finally able to get through to his ailing friend in Philly Bugs talking: "Hello, Joe — listen — there's a new boss at King Features–Joe Connolly. He wants to talk to you about a job. So come and see him. You can stay with me. If you need money, I'll wire it to you" Joe: "Thanks, Bugs, for going to bat for me like that — uh — and thanks but I'm okay for money — but I can't come up to see Connolly — *I just had all my teeth out.*" Bugs: "Connolly just wants to *talk* with you. You don't have to *bite* him!"

●●●

Cartoonists' assistants usually started as lettering men — inking in the dialogue and the balloons in the strips and Sunday pages. This young aspiring cartoonist was a good letterer and worked at home. He would pick up the packages of cartoons to be lettered at the syndicate office once a week and bring them back the next week finished. Freddy lived with his mother, father, and sister in an apartment in the Bronx. Momma was the do-er of the family — she'd paper the rooms, paint the woodwork and ceilings, and even did a pretty good job of putting up new kitchen cabinets with a little help from her husband and Freddy. She'd tackle anything with the confidence of Muhammad Ali.

One night, son Freddy was out at a basketball game. A Sunday page, a highly successful adventure feature, was on his drawing board. The balloons had been penciled in, but not the guide lines. Freddy's mother had heard him wavering between the game and working when the last minute invitation had been phoned by a pal. Freddy's mother urged him to go. He worked too hard. The change would do him good. So he went, figuring he'd finish the lettering job when he got home a little after midnight. Momma noted that Papa had washed, dried and put the dishes away. He was asleep in his chair. Sister was hitting the books, preparing for a law career. Momma wandered into son's room, smoothed the bed, rearranged things on top of the bureau, and turned to leave the room when she noticed the Sunday page waiting to be lettered. She sat down and gave it a closer look. She read the penciled lettering. She had seen Sonny often inking in the balloons... If Sonny could do it . . . (Momma opened the Higgins Ink bottle) and poor Sonny would have to work on it after the basketball game . . . (Momma selected a gold-nibbed lettering pen) . . . What a nice surprise for son Freddy when he came home and found his work done. (Momma dipped the pen and happily began her lettering career) . . . and it wasn't as bad as you'd expect . . . It wasn't good . . . It was just pretty bad . . . To Momma's chutzpah-colored eyes her handiwork was as good as any Freddy turned out. Momma worked quite fast, or maybe it just seemed fast, because she was enjoying her labor of love.

About forty-five minutes after she had taken up the pen, Momma put it down, put the stopper in the Higgins Ink, stood up and smiled in contentment at her contribution to the world of cartoons.

Momma left her surprise on the drawing board and went happily to bed. She was snoring softly when Freddy let himself into the apartment quietly, and after a Dr. Pepper and a piece of cake, went to his room. He noticed the botched lettering the second he turned on the light. He instinctively knew what had happened. He didn't scream. He didn't rip the page up. He didn't wake up Momma. He sat down in shock and looked at the disaster. As an experienced man in the Comic Art Department bullpen, he knew what must be done. He did it. Reached in the desk drawer to make sure the script for the page was there and then looked for the letterhead paper to be used in the salvage job. He was glad to find he had plenty of rubber cement. By 5AM Freddy had pasted linen paper over his mother's hieroglyphics, penciled in the dialogue once again, lined it up with T-square and ruler, sighed and finished re-lettering the feature with a fresh pen. As Freddy started to carefully erase the penciled guidelines, Momma, who had awakened, came into the room, looked at Sonny, looked at the page, and with a toss of the head, opined on the drawing: "This guy's no Milton Caniff, is he?"

Milton Caniff

Which brings me to my shining hour as an art forger outside the cartoon biz. Dunninger, the mind-reader, or as his billing proclaimed — 'The Mastermind of Modern Mystery' — was a good friend of mine. He had been a guest several times on my NBC TV show 'Quick On The Draw'. He performed at a few National Cartoonists Society affairs at my invitation . 'Jolly Joe' I called hi.n. It struck him funny because his demeanor was anything but jolly. Dunninger was into collecting–everything. As a performer, it was said of him he could take a ten-cent trick and sell it like a million dollars. He 'sold' his collections the same way. An old piece of cloth was 'Napoleon's Pants — worn at the Battle of Waterloo'. He gave me 2 pairs of handcuffs–not just handcuffs but 'from the private collection of Harry Houdini'. So when he asked if by any chance I could get him a Bemelmans original I wanted to help. I think he wanted the Bemelmans to barter for two caricatures by the great tenor from forty years before — Enrico Caruso.

After getting a Bemelmans, Dunninger suggested that maybe I could find one in the King Features, or Sunday Mirror, or American Weekly morgues. I checked the files. Bemelmans had none of his art work stored away in any of the three repositories of illustrations past. When I told Dunninger 'No Dice', he mentioned that Bemelmans' style was so loose and wild that it had a Milt Gross look. He then said, "You ghosted Milt Gross didn't you? Dunninger never asked me to ghost a Bemelmans, but the suggestion was planted.

A day or so later I got hold of a book of Bemelmans' Paris scenes. Taking a background from one, a picnic group from another, and a boating vignette for a third, and mixing with cartoon-type clouds and birds, a new, original Bemelmans began to appear. I turned the penciled masterpiece over to my partner, Al Scaduto, to ink it in with wild abandon. Al is one of the all-time great pen-and-ink men. His rendering of the jigsaw jumble, and the way he colored it, would fool Bemelmans himself. I copied the signature, even to the blotty effect in the artist's scrawl . . . I then aged it . . . Rolled and unrolled it 4 or 5 times . . . Sprinkled cigar ashes . . . Walked on it . . . Put engraving marks on it . . . Made blue pencil measurements in margin. In a day it began to look 20 years old. I gave it to Dunninger a bit later. He could not have used his vaunted gift of second sight, for he studied and admired it. Then he spoke — " This is Bemelmans at his best. I'm keeping this for myself!"

• • •

About 1937 a big black fellow named Charlie was in charge of the King Features morgue. I was in the Comic Art Department when Charlie, on one of his rounds, asked me if I'd make him a sign. I jotted down what he wanted: "Hair Tonic—15¢ Comb—10¢ Aspirin—10¢. When I got around to making the little sign, I embellished it with appropriate cartoons. When I gave it to Charlie, he thanked me and told me it was for his father who was 'Gents Room Attendant' at Yankee Stadium. So I ask you big, successful cartoonists:"Did any of *your* work ever hang in Yankee Stadium?"

• • •

One day, Circa 1950, Colonel 'Cappy' Wells, formerly Public Relations Officer for West Point, was doing a publicity campaign for the Little League. He was kicking it off with a luncheon at '21' in New York. He invited me, along with Ham Fisher (Joe Palooka) Stan Musial, legendary baseball greats Cy Young and Connie Mack. They all showed — among other special guests. Ham Fisher was all over the place, making a pest of himself. Ham was doing his usual knocking routine on his old nemesis, Al Capp. He was getting Cappy's luncheon off the track. Cappy, who was in and out of the dining room to handle details, came up with a masterstroke to put Ham in his barrel. Somehow he got a beautiful young actress to carry out his scheme. (Maybe he called Central Casting).

The luncheon was coming to a close when this gorgeous young lady came into the 3rd-floor private room. She hesitated as she looked around, and with all eyes upon her, made straight for Ham Fisher on the far side of the room. Her smile was dazzling as she leaned close and proffered a single sheet of paper. "I hate to bother you but may I have your autograph, please?"

Ham smiled his 'selling', or more gracious, big smile, took the girl's paper and pen, and proceeded to draw the head of Joe Palooka, which, by the way, was about the only part of the strip he could draw. He had a succession of good, ghostly assistants all during his association with the strip.

Ham finished the drawing, asked the girl what her name was, and wrote with a flourish — "To pretty Arlene with all good wishes from Joe Palooka and Ham Fisher". The girl retrieved her pen, took the paper, examined it quite a while, and with a frown, tore the paper twice and dropped it on the floor saying, "You're *not* Al Capp? I wanted Al Capp's autograph!", turned on her heel and strode out. The room exploded. Ham turned white. He never could take a joke.

Yes — there are thousands of stories in the Naked City . . . and a few undressed cartooners . . . so tallyho . . . till we meet again.

JOE HAS LATE LUNCH AT THE RINGSIDE CAFE AND DENVER'S LEADING SPORTSMEN ATTEND.
3-15
LOOK--JOE PALOOKA'S IN THERE. LET'S GO IN. OH I'M JUST DYING T'MEET'IM!
CAN'T! IT'S JAMMED TO THE RAFTERS. ISN'T HE HAN'SOME? GEE!
HE DON'T EAT AFTER THIS ...TILL THE FIGHT'S OVER. NO SUPPER B'FORE A FIGHT.
OH...I NEVER KNEW THAT.
RINGSIDE CAFE
© The McNaught Syndicate, Inc.
WELL, GENTS, IT WAS A SWELL LUNCH AN' NOW TH' CHAMP HASTA TAKE A NAP TILL FIGHT TIME. HOPE T'SEE YA ALL.
THANK YOU.
FISHER

BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD — Since the cartoonist's goal is to draw 20 to 30 cartoons a week, he spends many hours sketching in his studio surrounded by one stereo, turned up; one Muppets poster, on the door, and one Mickey Mouse clock, ticking.

A Sketch in Time Is Gold Mine For Freelance Cartoonist, 21

Many readers are particularly interested in hearing about the experiences of freelance cartoonists who submit to various magazines. Here is the story of one of them, through the courtesy of The Observer-Dispatch in Utica, New York. Marj Patrick wrote the article and took the accompanying photos.

Story, Photos by Marj Patrick

HUBBARDSVILLE — When Randy Glasbergen is finished with people, they usually have large noses, big heads and are caught in some situation exposing human foibles that make the rest of us laugh.

Which is fortunate because, at 21, Glasbergen is a freelance cartoonist selling to national publications that range from the Wall Street Journal to the National Enquirer, from Good Housekeeping to New Woman. In the past six years, Glasbergen has sold more than 1,200 cartoons and, two years ago, he dropped out of Utica College to pursue cartooning full time.

In 1972 he sold his first cartoon, to Charlton Publications which he describes as a publisher of "mild girlie cartoons." Because they were buying 200 cartoons every other month, "it was an easy place to break into," he says.

"It was not the ideal place for a 15-year-old, but I've got eyes."

While he was growing up in Sherburne, the other kids were specializing in athletics or music but he was discovering his talent with pen and ink. Soon he was writing to the established cartoonists for advice.

Answers such as "forget it," "it's really rough" and "it's a hell of a thing to break into but stick with it," came back.

Many of the big names also sent originals of their cartoon strips. From his studio wall, the Peanuts gang, Doonesbury characters and Popeye gaze down at Glasbergen at work at his drawing board. The 200 to 300 originals he has collected are "worth a bit now if you know how to market them."

In fact they were worth about $5,000 of his assets for the loan for the house he and his wife, Karen, are buying in the Village of Earlville.

"Between the ages of 13 and 16, I did most of the letter writing. After that, I felt pretty silly asking for advice because I was selling pretty well," he recalled recently.

The figure of 1,200 cartoon sales is "up to yesterday, I haven't gone through today's mail yet." There's good reason for his confidence. Often a freelance cartoonist must hold down a fulltime job "and Saturday afternoon, if the lawn doesn't need mowing, he'll crank out a few," Glasbergen said.

The reason he was able to begin supporting himself full-time in this often precarious field is "New Woman," he said. "I do a lot for them and get paid very well." At first he was getting $5 or $25 per cartoon from this publication, now it's between $150 and $230 depending on how well they like a piece."

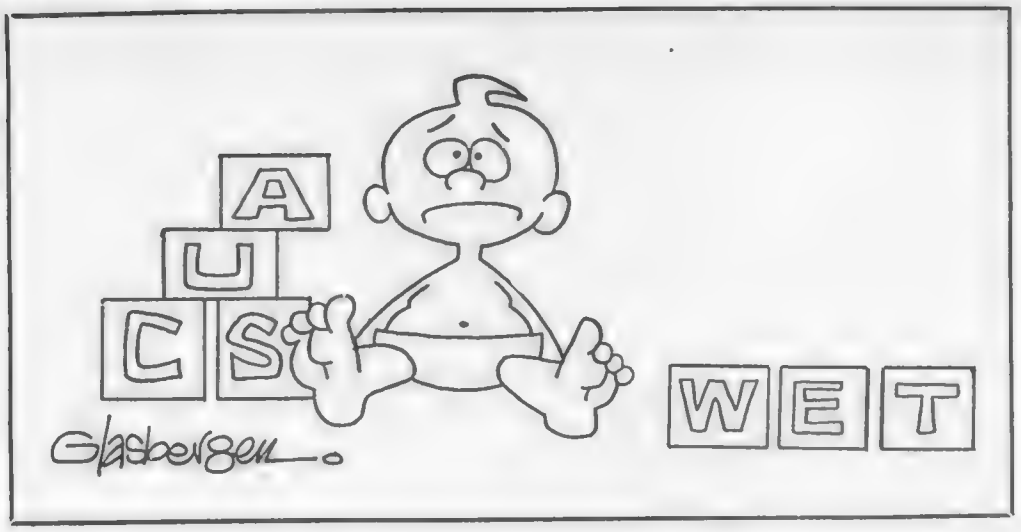
©1978 Good Housekeeping

"How do I turn it on?"

©NEW WOMAN Magazine

" Herbert, we've got to stop meeting like this."

©1978 Good Housekeeping



©NEW WOMAN Magazine

"Why don't you make Romeo and Juliet a real tragedy, Mr. Shakespeare? Have them live and get married."

©NEW WOMAN Magazine

"Say 'Oink'."

Penthouse also has become a good market for him. "I very rarely do sexist material, my conscience won't let me," he said. His cartoons for Penthouse, Oui or Playgirl are "mostly sexual satire rather than anatomy humor."

Cartoon ideas come from "something I hear on radio or a burned out light bulb or anything that happens has the potential of becoming a gag." He writes approximately two-thirds of his captions, the others come from gag writers who receive 25 per cent if the cartoon sells.

The English courses at Utica College "helped because gag writing is still writing. The construction is very important in a gag line. It has to cut out the garbage and flow well."

Aggie, his basset hound, keeps him company for his daily 8:30 to 5 stint while he works on his goal of 20 to 30 cartoons a week. Aggie appears in the background of a number of his cartoons, a few times she has gained a "speaking role."

Glasbergen's mail is now bringing a healthy mixture of sales with the inevitable rejection slips. And letters asking for advice are coming to him.

"Everybody's looking for a secret just like I was. There's no secret, it's just a lot of hard work."

He says he is glad to send information or a drawing, if he has one on hand, because "people did it for me."

One letter contained a request from Grant Tinker for the original of a cartoon which had appeared in Weight Watcher's magazine because the caption mentioned his wife, Mary Tyler Moore.

One result of this early success is that editors are telling Glasbergen they are receiving cartoons "from newcomers obviously influenced by my work."

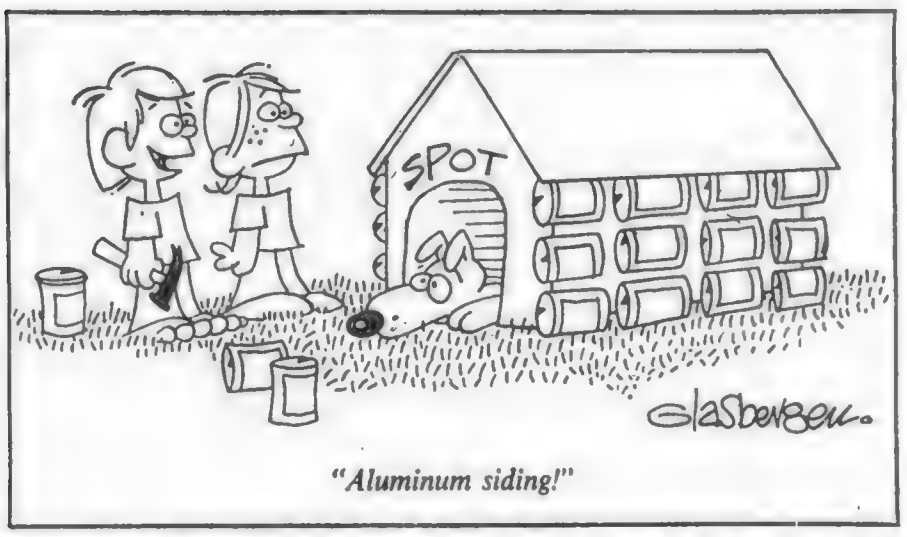
MODEL DOG — Aggie, the basset, is a celebrity now. Her barefoot owner, Randy Glasbergen, has added her to the background of several cartoons and occasionally given her a starring role.

©NEW WOMAN Magazine

"Do you realize, Walter, that there are 40 pounds of you I'm not legally married to?"

©NEW WOMAN Magazine

"Dear Albert: Last night you asked me what had happened to the 'sweet little chick' you married. I thought about that remark a lot and here's the answer: She has flown the coop."



"Aluminum siding!"

Reproduced by permission from the Oct. 1977 issue of Good Housekeeping magazine c 1977 Hearst Corp.

"And to think, the reason we went on that second honeymoon was to get away from the kids for a while!"

Following are some additional comments by Randy Glasbergen about his work:

My work has appeared in Cosmopolitan, Good Housekeeping, Penthouse, Viva, New Woman, Changing Times, Saturday Review, National Enquirer, Wall St. Journal, Playgirl, Oui, Chic, Better Homes & Gardens, Slam, Forum, Saturday Evening Post, Rotarian, Reader's Digest and others.

During the past 18 months or so, I've been active as a humorous illustrator, supplementing my gag cartooning income. I ventured into this additional field with the encouragement and advice of my friend Jared Lee who is extremely active doing his scribbles for greeting cards, advertisers, you name it. Although I have not got Jack Davis looking for a new line of work, I have managed to do work, strictly on assignment basis, for Rust Craft Greeting Cards, Slam magazine, New Woman magazine, the Enquirer Magazine (Sunday supplement to the Cincinnati Enquirer), the Firefly Press (a publisher of children's books) and a few area advertising agencies.

I made myself known to humorous illustration buyers primarily by mailing out a few hundred booklets showcasing my style. The drawings in the booklet were simple line pieces with humorous or unusual ideas . . . a few of which have been published by magazines just because they thought the ideas were interesting. For instance, The Rotarian published one showing a giraffe with a long, contorted neck resembling a maze. Women Today published one from the booklet which showed a harried housewife being chased by an enchanted flying steam iron.

My wife Karen and I recently moved into a new house. Because of the evergrowing collection of supplies, reference materials, files, etc, the old apartment in Hubbardsville was shrinking fast and becoming impossible to work in. We had magazines piled up in closets, under the bed . . . and overstzed cardboard mailers stacked up in the hall. It was crazy. The house was a necessity. We now live in a six bedroom home with 3 acres of land in a small town called Earlville. At last I have sufficient room to work and think in . . . one room for my office and reference library and another room (a spacious sun porch) for my studio. Working at home can be frustrating, but with a big house I feel less like a hermit.

Karen and I enjoy the fringe benefits that go along with being a cartoonist. People who read my cartoons think we're a lot wealthier than we are! And we both enjoy the attention when someone stops me on the street to say "Ooh! I saw one of Randy's cartoons in Good Housekeeping and I told my friends 'I know that guy!' " A few months ago Playboy invited us to their bash at Studio 54 and that was really exciting. ●

The San Francisco version of the musical "Annie" stars Patricia "Patty" Patts in the title role, and recently she was auditioned for the part of Peppermint Patty in the next Charles (Sparky) Schulz movie and in the next TV show. Patty and Schulz are shown here at one of the recording sessions. Sparky says she's a delightful little eleven-year-old girl, and that it just goes to prove that comic strip characters can work together, though he never dreamed that "Little Orphan Annie" and "Peanuts" would overlap.

ANIMATION

by Grim Natwick

How does one start to write about a superb artistic talent? Does it matter where he was born, or when, or who his parents were?

These questions are like strangers ringing my doorbell at midnight and asking, "Where were you in the summer of 1934?"

Well, where was I? I spent much of my time in a small room of the Walt Disney Hyperion Street animation studio. I was an animator. The room next to me was occupied by a young artist from New York named William Vladimir Tytla. He was being assisted by a talented young artist named Bill Shull. My assistant was an equally talented artist, Jack Campbell.

Bill Vladimir Tytla was put together like a Maine coast fisherman's house, — broad, squat, comfortable. He had a shock of black hair, heavy eyebrows and long black mustachios that hung like two curved sabers from large nostrils. Yes, Bill wore a grand picture mustache twenty years before hirsute adornment replaced music with the pop singers.

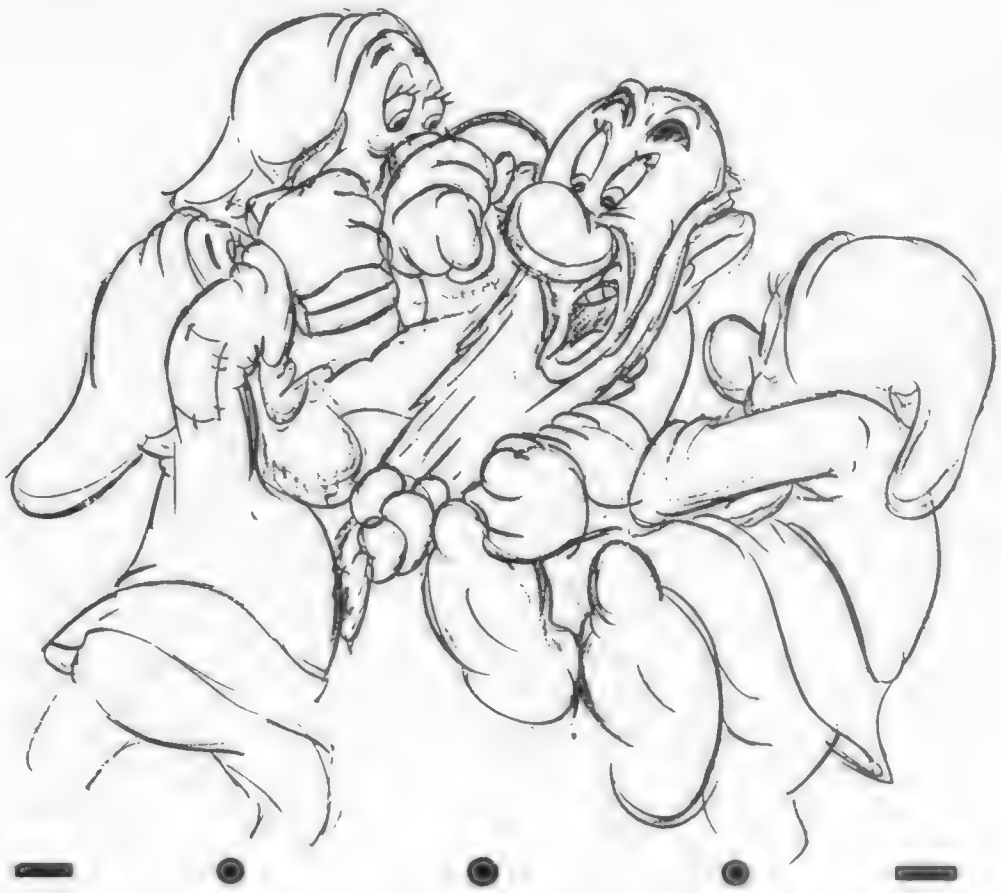
At work, Bill hovered over his drawing board like a giant vulture protecting a nest filled with golden eggs. He was an intense worker, — eager, nervous, absorbed.

He voraciously devoured sound tracks, the recorded voices, music and special effects an animator attempts to translate into action drawings. By the time he was ready to begin animation on a scene, Bill's head was filled to the inner walls of his skull with ideas he hoped to weave into a crazy quilt of entertainment. As a rule he began by making dozens of tiny sketches, — thumbnails, no more than an inch high. He sketched on large or small scraps of paper, on exposure sheets, on his drawing board, on laundry tickets, — anything he could reach first when the drawing fever seized him. These little sketches were very precious to him. He clipped them together in strips, thumb tacked them to his bulletin board, pasted them to desk shelves. They were reminders of inspired poses and expressions that he planned to fit into his animation. Then, finally, with model sheets placed in convenient places, he began his animation in earnest. The whole process was like starting up the engine of an old Stutz Bearcat racing car.

Key drawings were whittled out with impassioned pencil thrusts that tore holes in the animation paper. He often started with red pencils. If a line displeased him he made corrections with blue pencil, then re-corrected with black, then with brown, then green. Finally the kaleidoscopic drawing, still pegged to his light board, was covered with a clean sheet of paper and carefully redrawn — or you might say retraced in black. To end up with one drawing that pleased him, Bill might dump a dozen "imperfect" drawings into his waste basket.

When the five o'clock closing bell sounded, when Bill wiped the perspiration from his fretted brow and put on his leather jacket preparatory to leaving the studio, a whirlwind of young animators stormed into his room, emptied his waste basket and fought for the often crumpled masterpieces that Bill had discarded.

In the 1930's Walt Disney had a polo team and, of course, Bill Vladimir Tytla, the mad Caucasian, bought a couple of horses and became a part of the team. I saw him play only once against the Will Rogers squad of horsy celebrities.



© Walt Disney Productions

©Walt Disney Productions

Polo is a rough game. I admired Bill for his daring and maybe because a polo playing member of the animation group seemed to prove that animators were not sissies. Also, polo playing was a class sport, a dignified sport. It had social status.

One day tragedy would end Bill's polo playing. During a game on a wet field, his pony suffered a serious spill and Bill was caught underneath the animal. The pride of the animation staff was hospitalized for several months, and did not again dare to play the noble game of polo.

But Bill never lost his brash pride. He attacked difficult animation with the gusto of a champion boxer, with the zest of a Roundtable Knight jousting with a stubborn adversary.

To Bill, a tough job of animation was a mythical dragon. It would inevitably be

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Daughter, Tamara

Tytla with his son, Peter, a Director of Television Commercials in New York City.

Sketch of Bill Tytla by I. Klein.

L to R: Otto (Little King) Soglow and Bill Tytla

Tytla at Disneyland

Tytla's wife, Adrienne, and Bill, several months before his death.

Bill Tytla's 'Satan' from The Night on Bald Mountain sequence in 'Fantasia'.

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Tytla animated the character 'Stromboli' in Disney's 'Pinocchio'.

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tamed by this romantic Cossack from the streets of New York.

Let us consider the scene in Snow White where Grumpy is given a bath by the other six Dwarfs. This was an impossible scene to animate. It involved difficult drawing and complicated stagecraft. But the scene became a rare masterpiece through the determination of an artist with an undaunted spirit and the best mustache in the studio.

Bill was not one of the famous "Nine Old Men" of the Disney Studio. He was one of the teachers who taught the Nine Old Men. Many young artists who later became important animators at Walt's or perhaps in another Hollywood Studio, will remember always the weeks or months they spent as assistants to Bill Tytla. Working with Bill was not all tarts and honey. Bill did not get the tarts and honey scenes. There were really two Bill Tytlas sewed together in one body. Bill was a Titan among the animators. He was relentless in his search for purity, for excellence. After work he became an amiable brown bear with a heart made of gumdrops. He enjoyed playing polo before his injury. He loved company, he enjoyed a few robust cocktails with a charcoal broiled steak and a baked potato. When he smiled his eyes became two narrow slits that nearly touched his eyebrows.

The Tytla family had come to America from the Russian Ukraine. Bill always seemed to have about him some of the temper of the stormy Steppes, some of the mood of a wind-swept plain where snow tigers stalked their prey, where wild horses dug their hoofs into frozen ground in search for food, where gaunt wolves barked on cold winter nights.

He was a virile person, a searching person, an individual. In his latter years, Bill lived on a pleasant Connecticut farm. Here each weekend he found the comfort of space, the feel of the earth beneath his feet. Five days a week he commuted between his farm and a comfortable studio on 57th St. in Manhattan where he continued to animate, — usually commercial shorts for New York ad agencies.

These pictures contained little of the exciting animation Bill had masterminded in Snow White, none of the majesty of the monster Stromboli in Pinocchio, none of the dramatic charm of his work in Fantasia. Did he ever wonder, at times, if judgment had served him fairly when, during the Disney strike, he chose to sympathize with the strikers? He had always been one of Walt's favorites. After the strike, Walt had urged him to return to the studio.

I never learned what answer he gave Walt. He was still a proud Knight on the quixotic chessboard we call Life. But now, Time, Fate, Destiny were planning the moves. Bill died Dec. 29, 1968 on his farm near the little town of East Lyme, Conn. He will be remembered always as one of the great animators.

In TopCel for May 1978, an interesting item appeared. It read: "Congratulations to Tamara Schacher Tytla and Walter Schacher who are the happy parents of Fantasia Adria, born March 23rd."

Tamara is Bill Tytla's only daughter. What a sweet, tender curtsy to her father and to one of the pictures on which he worked.

Curator's Corner
by Jack Tippit

We would like to greet all members of the Museum of Cartoon Art who have been readers of INKLINGS for the past few years and all non-members who have been subscribers to CARTOONIST PROfiles. This will be the first installment of "Curator's Corner" to appear in Jud Hurd's CARTOONIST PROfiles via the new special arrangement with Jud to combine forces and give expanded coverage of the cartoon world, cartoonists, and the Museum of Cartoon Art to more readers.

We who are involved with the Museum are pleased with this and hope that we will be able to serve the members with even broader benefits as far as news, happenings, current and future exhibits and events, and general information about the Museum of Cartoon Art and its many varied activities.

MUSEUM ANNOUNCES NEW ADDITIONS TO BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

New additions are as follows: Milton Caniff, Honorary President, National Cartoonists Society; John Goldwater, President, Archie Comic Publications, Inc.; Richard Splittorf, President, Sawyer-Ferguson-Walker Co. Inc.; Louis A. Weil, III, President & Publisher ... Westchester Rockland Newspapers.

Continuing members of the Board are: Frederick J. Coyer, Legal Counsel, Lambert & Coyer; Tom Curtis, President, Assn. of American Editorial Cartoonists; Joseph F. D'Angelo, President, King Features Syndicate; Burne Hogarth, President, National Cartoonists Society; Charles Kline, President, Newspaper Comics Council; Stan Lee, President, Marvel Comics; John Milt Morris, Past Pres., Assn. of American Editorial Cartoonists; Mrs. Douglas (Patricia) Soutar, President, Ladd & Nichols Realtors; Jack Tippit, Director, Museum of Cartoon Art; Mort Walker, President, Museum of Cartoon Art.

Staff: Jack Tippit, Director; Chuck Green, Curator; Brian Walker, Curator; Mary Converse, Librarian; Maria Manneti, Secretary; Millie Johnson, Cataloguing. Legal Counsel: Lambert & Coyer.

MUSEUM OF CARTOON ART

Museum Activities, Exhibits, & Events

The annual fund-raising dinner-dance will be held on November 18 at the castle/home of the Museum of Cartoon Art, starting at 6:30 p.m. This date is especially important as it just so happens it's Mickey Mouse's 50th Birthday. Tickets are 75 dollars per person or $125 a couple and are tax deductible.

There will be cocktails, dinner, dancing, and an open bar at this event. If you are unable to come, you might want to send a contribution of some kind anyway, to this worthwhile project. The party is limited to 150 people so advance reservations are a must. Address: Museum of Cartoon Art ... Comly Avenue ... Rye Town/Port Chester, New York 10573. Phone: (914) 939-0234.

"MARVEL DAY"

Several hundred people swarmed through the castle and grounds on Saturday, September 30 to witness a very festive outdoor program that included "Spiderman" appearing along with costumed friends that included "The Hulk", "Ms. Marvel", and "Captain America". Marvel Comics artists sketched their creations, a stump-the-experts trivia panel was conducted, an exhibit of comic book art was on display, a film program ran continuously throughout the afternoon ... and gifts, food, and soft drinks were on sale.

"THE SUNDAY FUNNIES"

An exhibit of classic Sunday color comic pages covering five decades from the turn of the century through the 1940's opened on September 8 and continued through September. Loaned by collector, Richard Marschall, were classic episodes of "Little Nemo", "Happy Hooligan", "Katzenjammer Kids", "Mutt and Jeff", "Buster Brown", "Little Orphan "Annie", "Dick Tracy", and many more.

The Museum of Cartoon Art Celebrity for August, Irwin Hasen, creator of "Dondi," sketches a young member of the audience that day.

MUSEUM'S TRAVELING EXHIBIT

The Museum's traveling exhibit which includes some 40 large panels mounted with original cartoons, vintage and contemporary, has been in great demand for the past several months, and we are very pleased with this effort as it not only helps publicize the Museum in various parts of the country, but helps provide the Museum with additional welcome funding realized by various fees charged for use of the exhibit by requesting agencies. The exhibit has traveled from upstate New York to Chicago and back to the Meadowbrook Mall in Rochester, Michigan in September. Prior to the September Michigan appearance, the exhibit was on display at the University of Delaware in August, and will be at the General Reinsurance Corp. Headquarters in Greenwich, Connecticut in October, and at the convention of the New England Society of Newspaper Editors in Sturbridge, Massachusetts in November.

"CARTOON HALL OF FAME SALUTES WALT DISNEY"

A miniexhibit featuring the art of Hall of Fame member, Walt Disney, opened in the Hall of Fame room at the Museum on Sunday, September 3 and will continue through to December 31. Disney is among the 18 illustrious cartoonists selected by an elite panel of cartoon historians, experts, and professionals. The original animation and comic strip covers are on loan from the Walt Disney Archives.

"DICK TRACY EXHIBIT"

A major retrospective of Dick Tracy, the 47 year-old creation of cartoonist Chester Gould will open on October 4 at the Museum and run through Thursday, November 30. Included will be original artwork, photographs, toys, games, and other memorabilia tracing the crime-fighting career of the hard-nosed detective from the gangsterism of the thirties, to the modern sophisticated methods of today.

CARTOON COURSE

The cartoon course which has been conducted by the Museum for the past three years began on September 26 and will continue for nine weeks, for a total of 36 hours. The classes, which include occasional guest lectures by area professional cartoonists, are held two evenings each week at the Museum. This latest session will be the fifth held and conducted by Museum personnel.

CARTOONISTS HELP MUSEUM WITH SALE OF ORIGINALS

Numerous cartoonists have been especially thoughtful and generous in re-routing the proceeds from sales of their original cartoon artwork to the Museum to help in the operation funding. Dik Browne (Hagar the Horrible) is without a doubt in the lead in the effort with those sought-after "Hagar" originals ($75 for a daily and $150 for a Sunday page). Recently, our old friend, John "Giovanni" Fischetti has diverted some welcome monies to the Museum from sales of some of his original editorial cartoons. As this is an especially painless way of helping the Museum in trying to meet its budget, we welcome and encourage donations from any and all cartoonists who have the opportunity to sell their originals and wish to support a worthwhile cause.

Not only have a number of cartoonists helped the Museum in re-routing monies received from the sale of originals and reprints, but we have received quite a few donations and gifts from friends of late cartoonists ... who wish to "honor" their friends and make a lasting contribution to a cause that is beneficial and rewarding to the entire profession.

Celebrity Cartoonists

RAY DIRGO

The celebrity guest cartoonist who appeared at the Museum of Cartoon Art on September 3 was Ray Dirgo, the well-known comic book artist and illustrator. A resident of Bridgeport, Connecticut, Ray has always considered cartooning his first love. After creating cartoon posters, and drawings for the school paper and yearbook throughout his high school career, he received his formal art training at Brooklyn's Pratt Institute and later took a refresher course at Yale.

A versatile artist, Ray has worked as a commercial artist, an editorial cartoonist, and has created various publications, in addition to his creations for "Yogi Bear", "The Flintstones" and "Huckleberry Hound" comic books.

Dreaming up stories and drawing some of the most popular of all cartoon characters the world over result in fan mail that gives Mr. Dirgo the greatest satisfaction as a cartoonist.

His appearance was well-attended and well-received as he drew numerous large sketches (in color) of the many comic book characters he is so familiar with. A mini-exhibit of his varied efforts was on exhibit through September, including a number of his well-known clown illustrations, as Ray is an avid circus fan (especially clowns) ... and has done extensive work in that area.

HOWARD BECKERMAN

The October celebrity guest at the Museum was Cartoonist/Animator Howard Beckerman who appeared on Sunday, October 1. Howard started in animation at Terrytoons where he worked on "Mighty Mouse" and "Heckle and Jeckle". He then moved on to Paramount Studios where he helped put the punch in "Popeye" and the charm in "Casper the Friendly Ghost". At UPA Studios, a few years later, he contributed to the original "Bert and Harry" Piels Beer commercials, and created stories and animation for the Gerald McBoing - Boing Show (the first half hour cartoon show on TV.) It was at UPA that he worked with George Dunning who later went on to direct "Yellow Submarine".

In recent years, Howard has been producing animation for commercials and informational films. Some of the clients he has worked for are: New England Telephone, Southern Central Bell, United Methodist Communications, American Bicentennial Administration, American College of Physicians, Xerox Corporation, Grey Advertising, and American Home Products. Most recently he produced the commercials for the Black Flag television campaign.

Howard also writes a monthly column on animation called Animation Kit for the national magazine, Filmmakers Newsletter. He also teaches the subject at the School of Visual Arts, and Parsons School of Design. He has received numerous awards ... including ones from ASIFA, the International Animation Society; Learning Magazine; A Cine Golden Eagle; and an award from the National Cartoonists Society. He is presently serving on the Board of Governors for the Society.

FUTURE GUESTS FOR CELEBRITY CARTOONIST PROGRAM

November 5 ... CHRIS BROWNE, BOB LONDON, RALPH REESE, and RANDY ENOS ... a group of younger, new-generation cartoonists whose work appears in the NATIONAL LAMPOON, PLAYBOY, and other magazines.

December 3 ... HARRY DEVLIN, cartoonist, artist, illustrator, painter, writer and children's book illustrator.

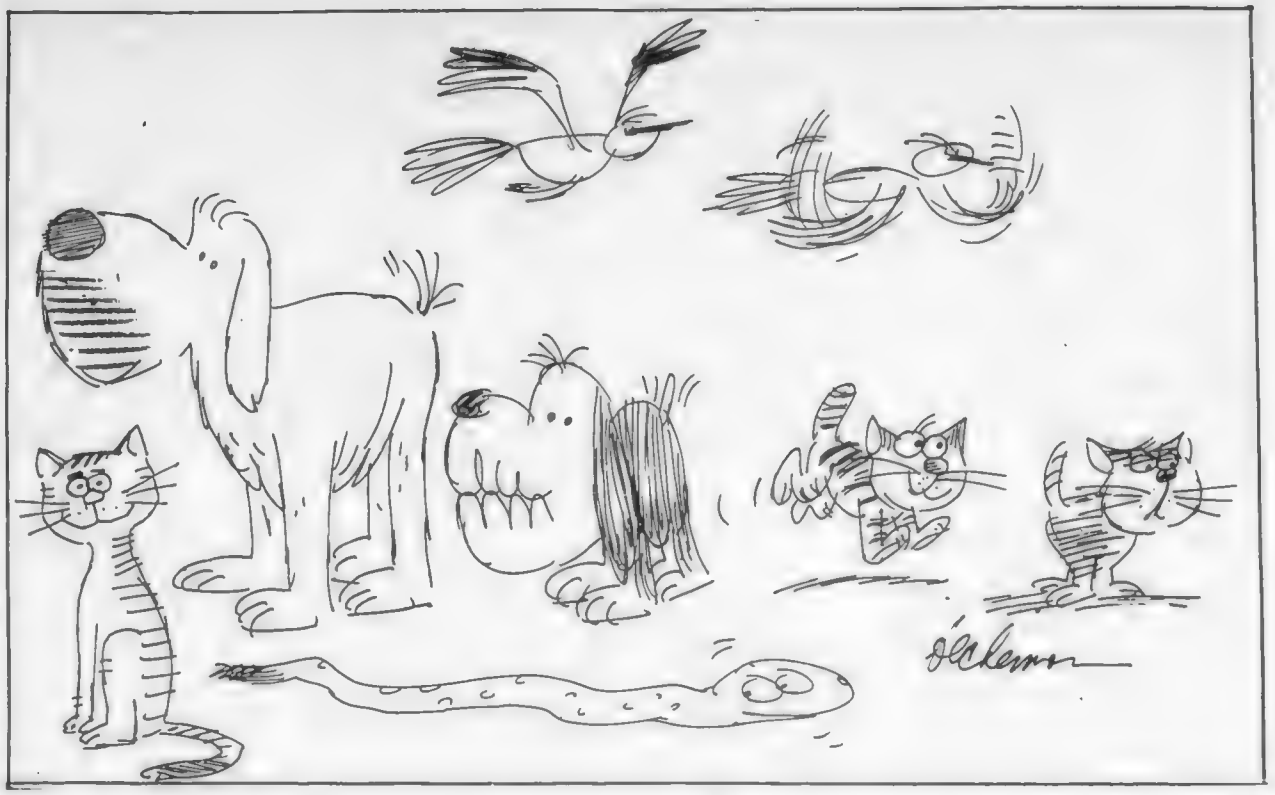
January 7 ... MIKE BERRY, cartoonist, writer, illustrator of books and magazines. He has done many pieces on travel for such publications as the N.Y. TIMES and HOLIDAY magazine.

February 4 ... JERRY MARCUS and ORLANDO BUSINO ... Top Magazine cartoonists whose creative efforts appear in all of the leading magazines. Jerry is also the creator of the successful newspaper comic feature, "Trudy".

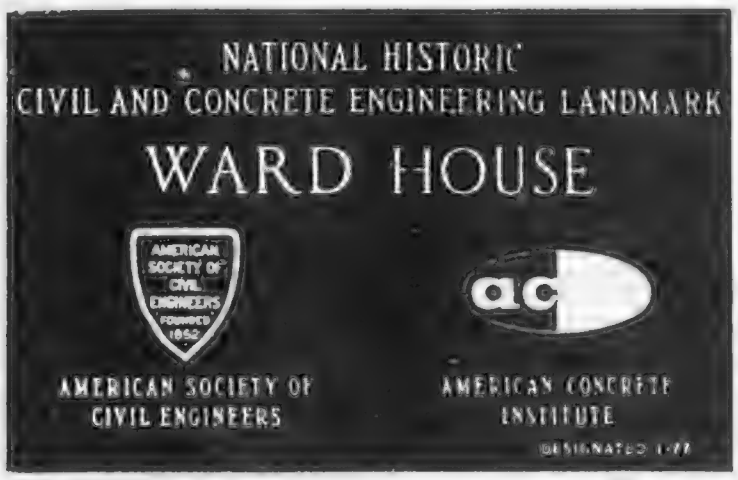
March 4 ... JOHN LEHTI ... cartoonist and illustrator who has worked in a variety of ways and many publications ... former artist for "Tales from the Great Book" which was syndicated through newspapers throughout the country.

April 1 ... HENRI ARNOLD ... artist who creates the illustrations that appear in the successful syndicated special feature, "JUMBLES" ... and former art director of the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate.

Ray Dirgo, the Celebrity Cartoonist at the Museum for the Month of September signs autographs after his appearance on Sunday, September 3.



by Howard Beckerman



In May the Museum was designated a historic landmark by the American Society of Civil Engineers and the American Concrete Institute. The building was the first to use reinforced concrete which is now standard in all concrete structures. A plaque was presented and is hanging on the front hall of the 100 year old building. Admiring the plaque is Miss Winifred Ward, granddaughter of the builder.

Acquisitions

Mrs. Anthony Lynch donated books "Keeping Up With The Joneses" (by Pop Momand - 1920) and the "Phil May Folio" (signed edition #14 out of 250).

Frank Bolle gave the Museum four large illustrated pages ... one from the Best Seller Showcase "Raise The Titanic" ... and three from Classics Illustrated: "Rumpelstiltskin", "Sleeping Beauty" and "The Little Stowaway Reindeer".

John F. Langton contributed two original sports cartoons which had appeared in the New York POST for which he works.

Mrs. Florence B. Grant sent us an original daily comic strip, "Tim Tyler's Luck", by Lyman Young (from the thirties).

Pud Lane donated an original drawing (cover from "Pickings from Puck") created by L. M. Glackens.

Ray Dirgo (who was our Celebrity Cartoonist Guest for September) donated a number of his own cartoon originals (comic book pages ... from "Flintstones," "Quickdraw McGraw," "Yogi Bear," "Huckleberry Hound," "Magilla," "Top Cat," and "Jetsons" ... also, a book by "Pap", and three treasured books by the late Clare Briggs.

Mrs. Lucius C. Storrs, Jr. paid a visit to the Museum and dropped off two welcome originals by the late Clare Briggs.

Miss Alice De Lamar donated a large box of early comic tear sheets (1910-1915), also a number of assorted pages from JUDGE Magazine.

Story by JERRY DE FUCCIO, Associate Editor MAD Magazine.

FORT FLEUR-DE-LIS...GRIDDLE OF THE SAHARA, GROUND FLOOR OF HELL! A COMPANY OF LEGIONNAIRES STANDS AT ARMS, FOR THE EDIFICATION OF **SERGEANT-MAJOR FLORIMOND LOUBET.** WHEN LOUBET DRILLS HIS MEN, THEY EXERCISE **EVERYTHING** BUT THEIR **FREE WILL.** THE REPLACEMENTS IN THE LINE WILL GET TO KNOW HIM AS...

"Monsieur Gravedigger"

IS THIS NOT **RESTFUL**, MES ENFANTS, TO STAND PERFECTLY STILL LIKE STATUES AFTER A BRISK **PETITE** PARADE? IT IS ONE THING TO KNOW HOW TO **MARCH**, ANOTHER TO **STAND FIRM** ON ONE'S TWO FEET!

WAS IT **MARCUS AURELIUS** WHO SAID, "A MAN MUST STAND ERECT, NOT BE KEPT ERECT BY OTHERS."...??

J. DeFuccio
R. GRANDALL

SIX HOURS OF DRILLING AND MARCHING **PAS GYMNASTIQUE** ...**DOUBLE TIME!** NOW "MONSIEUR GRAVEDIGGER" WAITS FOR THE FIRST RIFLE TO FALL OUT OF LINE...

COUP DE SOLEIL...SUNSTROKE! POOR LAD! LOUBET WILL STOMP THE LIFE OUT OF HIM...!

FERRICK...! HAUSMANN..! DRAG THAT BRITTLE BEETLE OUT OF MY SIGHT!

IT APPEARS THIS FELLOW GOT OFF VERY LIGHTLY...

I EXPECTED LOUBET TO BECOME **VIOLENT** AS HE USUALLY DOES WHEN THESE GREEN ONES FOLD.

WHO CAN PREDICT... OR EXPLAIN...**HIS** MOODS? LONG AGO I LEARNED TO DESPISE OUR OWN SPECIES. IT IS THE PRICE WE MUST OFTEN PAY FOR A KNOWLEDGE OF IT!

HAVE A CAPORAL..! YOU'RE **NEW** HERE. REPLACEMENT WITH THE LAST DRAFT FROM SIDI-BEL-ABBÉS..?

MERCI..! OUI, I AM NEWLY ARRIVED, MON COPAIN. MY NAME IS JEAN MONTAGNE.

I'M TOM FERRICK... FROM THE STATES. THIS IS KARL HAUSMANN, **SOLDAT PREMIERE CLASSE** SOLDIER FIRST CLASS.

YOU NEEDN'T TELL US ANYMORE THAN YOUR NAME, IF YOU ARE NOT SO DISPOSED. THE **PAST** IS BUT THE SEPULCHRE OF OUR DEAD EMOTIONS AND **HERE** THERE IS NO **FUTURE**..!

MY HOME WAS ON THE SEINE...PARIS. I WORKED AS A CUSTODIAN IN LE MUSÉE NATIONAL...

THE **LOUVRE** MUSEUM. I SPENT MANY PLEASANT HOURS THERE, ADMIRING RAPHAEL...DA VINCI... PAINTINGS BY TITIAN... REUBENS...

TELL ME, JEAN, IS THE BRONZE STATUE BY BENVENUTO CELLINI, ***PERSEUS WITH THE HEAD OF THE MEDUSA***, STILL STANDING IN THE **MAIN HALL** OF THE LOUVRE?

OUI! IT IS **STILL THERE**...

A TRULY WONDERFUL WORK, BY THE MOST EMINENT ITALIAN SCULPTOR OF THE HIGH RENAISSANCE. TRUE, IT IS OVERWROUGHT IN DETAIL AND LACKS SIMPLICITY OF MODELING, BUT IT IS BEAUTIFUL IN CONCEPTION. A MARVEL OF TECHNICAL EXCELLENCE...!

A MARVEL! I ADMIRED IT MANY TIMES A DAY, MYSELF.

SO, **THIS** IS THE ACCURSED **DOG'S-TAIL** WHO FALLS OUT OF LINE WITHOUT THE BELOVED SERGEANT-MAJOR'S CONSENT!

DON'T BADGER HIM, MIRANDA. YOU'VE FALLEN ON **YOUR** FACE OFTEN ENOUGH, AS YOUR UGLY COUNTENANCE WILL ATTEST..!

WELCOME TO MADAME LA REPUBLIQUE'S **MUD OVEN** WHERE YOU'LL ROAST LIKE A PIG ON A SPIT! BUT IF YOU WERE TO ACCUMULATE, SAY A STORE OF BREAD AND BISCUITS AND WATER... STEAL A HANDFUL OF CARTRIDGES WHEN ON RIFLE RANGE...YOU MIGHT JOIN A **REAL ARMY!**

THE ARMY OF RAMON MIRANDA... **GENERALISSIMO** RAMON DRAGO LOPEZ MIRANDA. **MY ARMY!!**

SOME ARMY...! A THING OF SHREDS AND PATCHES!!

PAY NO MIND TO THESE SAND FLEAS WHO ARE CONTENT TO BURY THEMSELVES ALIVE IN THE DUNES, PASSING FROM OBSCURITY TO OBLIVION, WHILE TRAINED EUROPEAN SOLDIERS ARE WORTH THEIR **WEIGHT IN SILVER** IN THE SERVICE OF THE **SULTAN OF MOROCCO!**

THINK OF IT. YOUR OWN MOORISH VILLA...WITH A HAREM OF SPANISH BEAUTIES... OULED-NAËL DANCING GIRLS...

A MOORISH VILLA SURROUNDED BY FIG ORCHARDS...VINEYARDS... PALM GROVES...FRAGRANT GARDENS OF PEPPER TREES. CAN'T YOU SMELL THE SCENT OF WALNUT...OLEANDER...ALMOND...?

AND THE **FOUL SMELL** OF A **GAOLBIRD** ROTTING ON THE "DRY GUILLOTINE"...**SOLITARY CONFINEMENT**, AND THE PERPETUAL WISH FOR DEATH AFTER YOU'RE CAUGHT AND DRAGGED BACK TO THE FORT!

SIX DAYS LATER, THE SELF-STYLED "GENERALISSIMO" WAS SUMMONED TO THE QUARTERS OF "MONSIEUR GRAVEDIGGER"...

"GENERALISSIMO" RAMON DRAGO LOPEZ MIRANDA LEFT, DRAGGING HIS HEELS BEHIND. HIS DEMISE ATTRIBUTED TO "DESERT MADNESS" A VERY **SUDDEN FIT**, INDEED!

NEXT, SERGEANT-MAJOR LOUBET MADE A PERSONAL INSPECTION OF EVERY CHAMBREE OF THE CASERNES OF THE FORT...

WITH UNCANNY DIRECTNESS, LOUBET UNCOVERED MANY OF THE SECRET CACHES OF HOARDED AMMUNITION...

THE LEGIONNAIRES WERE THENCEFORTH TREATED TO A DOUBLE DOSE OF MARCHING WITHIN THE FORT'S ENCLOSURE, WITH FULL PACKS AND ACCOUTERMENTS. A SOLDIER CAN WAX THE INSIDES OF HIS BOOTS WITH JUST SO MUCH TALLOW TO EASE HIS OUTRAGED FEET!

SOON, LOUBET DEVISED A **NEW GAME!** HURDLES WERE ERECTED, RACKS OF SLIGHTLY INCLINED LEBEL RIFLES...RIFLES FITTED WITH **NEEDLE BAYONETS!** EACH MAN WAS GIVEN THE PRIVILEGE OF STRIPPING TO THE WAIST...

CONSIDERING EACH HURDLER FOLLOWED IMMEDIATELY ON THE HEELS OF ANOTHER, THERE WERE RELATIVELY FEW BROKEN LIMBS....

IT IS INTERESTING TO NOTE THAT FLESHY FRITZ LUCKEN, NEXT IN "COMMAND" TO THE DEPARTED MIRANDA, SUFFERED A BROKEN LEG AND THREE CRACKED RIBS...

NOW LE LEGIONNAIRE LUCKEN MUST **CRAWL** TO MOROCCO..!

LOUBET DID NOT EXPEND **ALL** HIS RAGE ON THE "CHILDREN" OF HIS COMMAND...NOT WHILE THE "CHILDREN OF THE DESERT" WERE CHOPPING UP HELPLESS CARAVANS....

ON ONE OCCASION, SOME TWENTY VEILED MEN OF THE DESERT...TOUAREGS...SWEPT DOWN ON A SEEMINGLY PLODDING PARTY OF TRADERS...

THE TOUAREGS CAME DOWN LIKE A WOLF ON THE FOLD, LANCES LOWERED, TWO-HANDED SWORDS RAISED, SOME FIRING FROM THE SADDLE AT FULL GALLOP...

THE LINE OF "TRADERS" DREW RIFLES FROM HIDDEN SLINGS ON THEIR DJEMELS (BAGGAGE CAMELS) ...SEVEN CHARGING TOUAREGS FELL FROM THEIR HORSES LIKE PAVILIONS FLATTENED IN A SAND STORM...

TWELVE LEGIONNAIRES, ENCUMBERED BY DECEPTIVE ARAB DISGUISES, LOOSED A SECOND VOLLEY FROM BEHIND KNEELING CAMELS. THE FIRE WAS HURRIED AND THE ADVANCING HORSES TOOK MOST OF THE LEAD, THEIR RIDERS TUMBLING CLEAR...

LE LEGIONNAIRE FERRICK STOPPED FIRING MOMENTARILY TO FIT HIS BAYONET TO HIS RIFLE. A TOUAREG, WITH A GREAT SWORD FROM THE AGE OF THE CRUSADER, BORE DOWN UPON HIM...

SIMULTANEOUSLY, THE TOUAREG'S MOUNT BUCKLED UNDER. THE RIDER FELL ON FERRICK...

EACH CAME UP WITH THE OTHER'S STEEL IN HAND...

A MOMENTARY LULL...BOTH ANTAGONISTS STARING AT ONE ANOTHER...THE SWORD PONDEROUSLY HEAVY...THE BAYONET UNFAMILIAR...SLENDER...TOO LIGHT!

AS IF SETTLING A CONTROVERSY BETWEEN TWO SMALL BOYS, SERGEANT-MAJOR LOUBET SMASHED THE TOUAREG BENEATH THE STERNUM WITH A "SAVATE" BLOW...!

LE LEGIONNAIRE FERRICK BROUGHT THE HEEL-PLATE OF HIS LEBEL DOWN ON THE DEFLATED TOUAREG'S SKULL... LIKE A SELF-VINDICATING LITTLE BOY WHO HAD FAILED TO BLOW OUT ANY BIRTHDAY CANDLES ON THE FIRST TRY!

AFTER THE MELÉE, FERRICK FOUND A BAG ON THE TOUAREG SADDLE...FULL OF FRESHLY LOPPED-OFF EARS!

BUT WHAT OF JEAN MONTAGNE, THE YOUNG MAN FROM PARIS AND THE LOUVRE..? MONTAGNE WANDERS AIMLESSLY ON THE DESERT, TOGETHER WITH THE LIZARDS AND SAND SCORPIONS...

JEAN MONTAGNE HAS DISCARDED A BOOT THAT WOULDN'T FIT OVER A SWOLLEN FOOT. HE LAGGED BEHIND HIS PLATOON ON A FORCED MARCH. IT WAS "MARCHEZ OU CREVEZ"... **MARCH OR DIE!** JEAN MONTAGNE CHOSE TO DO NEITHER!

A SMALL BAND OF NOMAD ARABS HAS BEEN WATCHING THE HOBBLING MONTAGNE WHO ABUSES HIS BELOVED LEBEL, CLOGGING HER SLENDER THROAT WITH SAND, LEANING HIS WEIGHT UPON HER AS THOUGH SHE WERE A CRUTCH..

THE CHILD-LIKE SAVAGES SWARM DOWN UPON MONTAGNE, LIFTING HIM ALOFT, EAGER TO RUSH HIM TO THEIR **DOUAR**...THEIR ENCAMPMENT OF LOW CAMEL-HAIR TENTS, FOR SOME "SPORT"!

LATER, A HALF-TROOP OF SPAHIS, NATIVE POLICEMEN OF THE DESERT, FIND A DISCARDED LEGION BOOT, THE INSIDE OF WHICH IS STILL PUNGENT WITH THE SUPPURATION OF AN INFECTED FOOT...

THE VIGILANT SPAHIS FINALLY DISCOVER A SMALL ARAB ENCAMPMENT. THE OCCUPANTS HAVE FLOWN! A FORSAKEN CUR BARKS DEFIANTLY OUTSIDE THE MOST IMPOSING TENT. THE SOUS-LIEUTENANT ENTERS CAUTIOUSLY...

INSIDE, THERE IS A SIGHT THAT HE HAS SEEN BEFORE, YET ONE THAT NO MAN COULD BECOME ACCUSTOMED TO SEEING! HE AIMS HIS PISTOL. A PITIFUL VOICE DEFERS THE MERCY BULLET...

FERRICK, DID YOU SEE MONTAGNE WHEN THE SPAHIS BROUGHT HIM IN...?

YES, I SAW HIM, POOR DEVIL! IN A WAY...HE HAD IT COMING TO HIM.

HOW IS THAT..? HOW CAN YOU SAY SUCH AN INHUMAN THING..??

I PEGGED MONTAGNE FOR AN **ESCROC** ...AN **INFORMER** THE MOMENT I SAW HIM. HE WAS WORKING AS A SPY FOR LOUBET, WORKING FROM THE **INSIDE!**

MONTAGNE PUT THE FINGER ON RAMON MIRANDA AND SQUELCHED THE WHOLE PLOT OF DESERTION TO MOROCCO. HE SUPPLIED LOUBET WITH THE IDENTITIES OF THE CHIEF CONSPIRATORS AND LOCATIONS OF THE STORES OF HIDDEN AMMUNITION...

I KNEW MONTAGNE AND LOUBET WERE WORKING HAND IN MAILED FIST! LOUBET WAS SO **LENIENT** WITH HIM WHEN HE **ACTUALLY DID COLLAPSE** FROM THE SUN AND EXERTION.

MONTAGNE CAME FROM A MORE ***FORMIDABLE*** ENVIRONMENT THAN THE LOUVRE, NO DOUBT! BESIDES, CELLINI'S STATUE OF PERSEUS IS **NOT** IN THE **LOUVRE**...! IT'S IN THE **LOGGIA DEI LANZI**...IN **FLORENCE, ITALY**...

MEANWHILE, IN THE FORT'S DISPENSARY, THE LEGION DOCTOR REGARDS A FACE THAT BEARS THE FIENDISH HANDICRAFT OF THE ARABS...

HE REGARDS CHEEKS THAT HAVE BEEN SLIT PERPENDICULARLY AND THREADED THROUGH WITH TWIGS TO FORM A BIZARRE LATTICE-WORK...!

PULLING THE TWIGS FREE, THE DOCTOR KNOWS THE MAN WILL LIVE.... WITH HIDEOUS SCARS. HENCEFORTH, HIS FELLOWS MUST TAKE HIM AT **FACE VALUE**...!

Photo by Al Rent

Davis at work. He uses the mirror to see how his expressions look, and then he transfers them to his characters.

GARFIELD

By Jim Davis

This story about JIM DAVIS, who does the new GARFIELD comic strip, distributed by the United Feature Syndicate, was written by Jeff Japinga, a staff writer for the Marion, Indiana CHRONICLE-TRIBUNE. We are indebted to that newspaper for permission to let our readers in on the story.

By Jeff Japinga

"I think it is time for a cat to be represented. There are a lot of cat lovers waiting for a cat comic strip."

So cat lovers, meet Garfield, Jim Davis' representative of the cat world set.

"I've always wanted to do a cartoon. Since I know cats, I figured a cat theme with humans in the strip would be what I could do, and a syndicate could accept," Davis says.

Garfield is the cat, a "fat, selfish, lazy cynical, endearing" cat, says Davis. "And a big fat cat is kind of funny. If he were a human, people would despise him. But as a cat, he can get away with it."

Davis, a native of Fairmount now based in Muncie, says Garfield emerged almost overnight as the comic strip's hero.

"Garfield strictly evolved on his own one night. When I first started the strip, I called it Jon. But Garfield always had all the funny lines, and I just had to call it after him. He is consistently the funniest character."

Jon is Jon Arbuckle, Garfield's owner. "He's basically me," says Davis. "Jon is the catalyst who ties the whole strip together. He is a dreamer, and the fall guy for Garfield. I think I have made him general enough, though, that we can all identify with him." Jon also happens to be a cartoonist.

The other characters, Davis says, are included simply "as a good way to use the gags that don't fit the personality of Garfield."

Jon's eventual roommate — it takes a few weeks to introduce him into the strip — is Lyman, a slightly flaky character which Davis says was modeled after a friend of his. "If ever there was an inspiration for a cartoon character, he was it."

Liz is the girl of every man's dreams, Davis says, especially those of Jon. "Every time I really felt awkward or wanted to date someone, that is the way the girl was."

Irma is a klutzy, man-hungry waitress, "every catty waitress I've ever met."

And finally, there is Odie, "Bone-breath" as Garfield calls him, a mindless dog who is forever running around with his tongue hanging out of his wide-open mouth and ears flying every which-way. From the moment Lyman, his owner, brings it into

cat's meow

the house, Odie is Garfield's number one enemy.

Davis calls Odie a sounding board for Garfield. He also compared it to mixing nitro and glycerin.

His formula is very simple.

"I just try to put Garfield in a funny situation, then see what happens. I will rework old jokes, use the standard lines of the day, anything," Davis says.

"No cartoonist can really tell you how he comes about an idea. If he tried, he would never be funny again."

Davis hasn't been at his comic strip long enough to come face-to-face with a cartoonist's most feared enemy, the piece of paper that stays blank.

"It's hard to be funny every day" Davis says. "It's not that predictable of a thing. You can sit there and stare at a piece of paper for a half-hour and get nothing. Then suddenly it will take about 30 seconds to come up with an idea.

"Some cartoonists will carry a notebook with them. If someone says something funny, or they see a funny event, they will jot down a note for future use.

"I've been lucky so far. I haven't been under the fire of deadlines long enough to go dry. But it is something you worry about."

Davis says a comic strip was always his dream. He would doodle in school instead of taking notes. He tried comic strips in both the Fairmount High School and Ball State University papers, admitting *Herman and Herbie*, a comic about two mythical Fairmount students, "really stunk."

"My mother got me interested in art. Whenever I had some spare time, she put a pencil and paper in front of me," he says. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Davis, still live in Marion.

Davis took a job at a Muncie advertising agency in 1967, and two years later, was hired as an assistant by Muncie cartoonist Tom K. Ryan, who is best-known for the comic strip *Tumbleweeds*.

He has worked under Ryan for nine years now, and although he says he likes the work, there was still the appeal of his own comic strip. And once he had that strip, there was the problem of getting a syndicate to market it.

"From the time I have been with Tom Ryan, I've always wanted to do a cartoon. I started with a bug, Norm Gnat, but after five years of trying to syndicate it, I gave up. I thought it was pretty funny, but they told me that people just couldn't relate to a gnat."

"Any cartoonist who wants to make a full-time living on a comic strip must get syndication. If I tried to sell *Garfield* myself, I just wouldn't have the time or money to approach all the newspapers they can. What they are is just really a salesman."

If syndication sounds like the answer to all a cartoonist's problems, well, it is. Providing, of course, he can find a syndicate to accept his comic in the first place.

"A syndicate will only take one or two new strips a year, and the largest ones sometimes get 35,000 applications a year. One of the first comic strips ever syndicated, the *Katzenjammer Kids*, is still running. That makes it tough to get syndicated."

Presenting the strip to a syndicate is almost as easy as it is impossible to get it accepted, Davis says. A cartoonist will simply work up a couple of week's worth of daily strips, then begin mailing his presentation to different syndicates, one at a time, from the largest one on down.

Garfield was immediately rejected by the nation's largest syndicate, King Features, but was held for five months by the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate before they told Davis it had lost out to Shoe, a cartoon drawn by Pulitzer Prize-winning political cartoonist Jeff MacNelly.

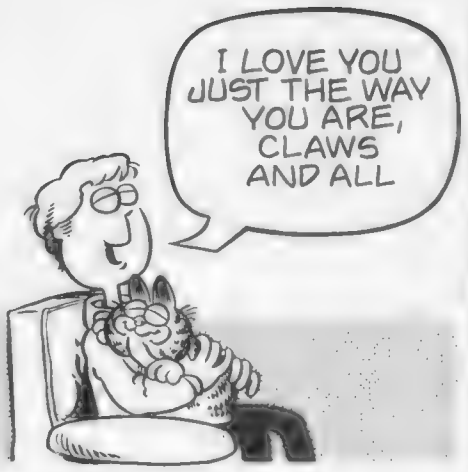
Next on the list was United Features Syndicate, who owns *Peanuts* and *Marmaduke*, among others. United Features liked what they saw, asked for more samples, including a Sunday strip, and finally signed Davis to a contract.

"The syndicate will handle all the tough stuff ... We just need to do the drawing," Davis says. Already more than 30 papers have signed up to carry Garfield, including the Fort Wayne *Journal-Gazette*, the Muncie *Star*, and papers in New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago.

TUM, DEE-DUM, DEE-DUM
9-27
PUNT!
IF IT WEREN'T FOR MY NATURALLY SWEET NATURE, I'D MAKE LIFE ROUGH FOR THAT DOG.
JIM DAVIS
© 1978 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

GARFIELD

I'M SORRY I TRIED TO HAVE YOU DECLAWED, GARFIELD


I LOVE YOU JUST THE WAY YOU ARE, CLAWS AND ALL

10-21
SOMEDAY, SOMEHOW, WHEN YOU'RE LEAST EXPECTING IT, I'M GOING TO SHRED YOUR BEDROOM SUITE
© 1978 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
JIM DAVIS

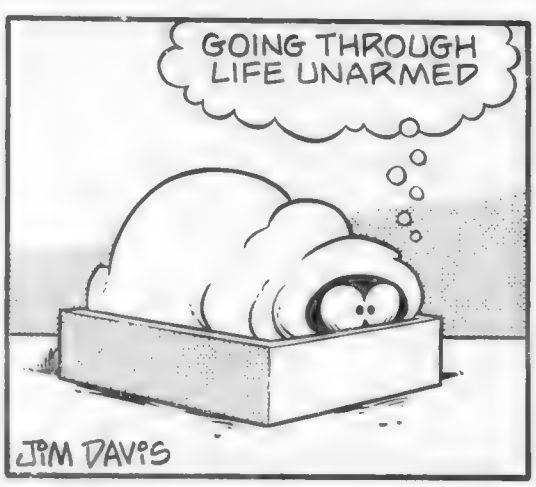
I HATE NOVEMBER
© 1978 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

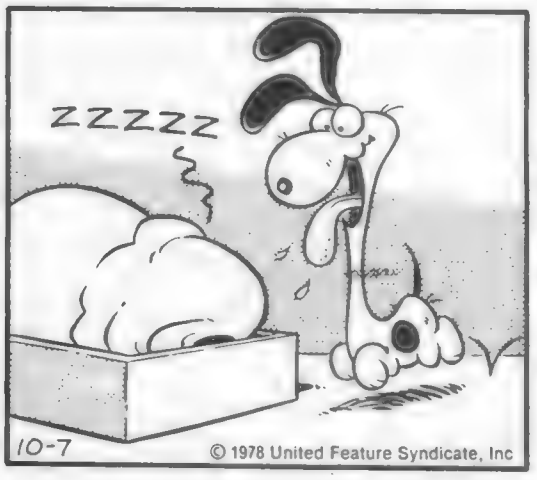
LIFELESS TREES, BLEAK AFTERNOONS, RAW WINDS...

ICY SANDBOXES
11-1
JIM DAVIS

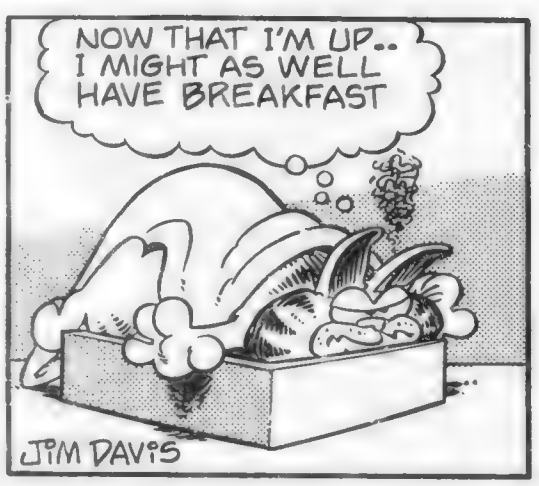
JON'S GONNA HAVE ME DECLAWED
© 1978 United Feature Syndicate, Inc
10-19

WHAT A FRIGHTENING THOUGHT...


GOING THROUGH LIFE UNARMED
JIM DAVIS


ZZZZZ
10-7
© 1978 United Feature Syndicate, Inc

BARK!


NOW THAT I'M UP.. I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BREAKFAST
JIM DAVIS

Davis must prepare daily strips six to eight weeks in advance, and 12 weeks ahead on a Sunday comic. Each daily strip takes eight hours to complete.

"I begin with the writing. I will write and rewrite it until I have it as simple as possible. A person shouldn't have to labor with the strip.

"I then make a rough sketch of my idea, just to make sure everything will fit. After everything is penciled in — that's the tough part — check the motivation of the characters, which really determines what lines they can deliver.

"I always seem to develop the expressions of the characters as I draw them, so I keep a mirror beside the drawing board to give me an indication of what kind of expression to give the characters."

After a final inking of the characters, retracing everything in heavy black ink, the comics are sent to the syndicate in New York for checking and distribution.

The Sunday strip is prepared in the same manner, except the characters and background must also be colored in.

The only variable left after that is the public.

"Hopefully, *Garfield* will do well. Every syndicate is coming out with new strips these days. Some have gotten a lot of hype on TV and in comic books, like *SpiderMan* and the *Superheroes*. Many papers almost automatically snap them up.

"Many of the popular strips today had a rocky beginning, like *Peanuts* and *Beetle Bailey*. People treat strips like old friends. People resent a new strip on the comic page like a new kid on the block."

Davis is banking that Garfield will be a popular kid . . .er, cat.

Here are some additional thoughts that Jim Davis added about the production of GARFIELD:

There is really no one method of writing a gag or coming up with an idea. Probably the method I use most often is sitting back in a chair and visualizing Garfield in different situations. I run him through a situation until it ends in a funny gag, then back up three frames and cut it off.

I may spend half an hour trying to come up with a gag but the actual idea comes in a few seconds or minutes. Gag writing has a lot to do with the mood I'm in.

The art work is more or less physical therapy. After thinking of the gag, I will pencil it out to make sure that it will work visually — will be funny visually. Then I trim out all the fat to write the gag in as few words as possible. I think it helps as far as the readers are concerned if they can read the gag quickly. It helps the natural timing and humor.

As far as materials are concerned, I use a Winsor & Newton No. 2 brush and Pelikan Fount India Ink.

I start drawing with the eyeballs of all the characters. Then I fill the head in around the eyes and the body comes last.

As far as favorite characters are concerned, I probably like Garfield best. I have a good time trying to make him animated — big eyes and wide mouth to get as much expression on his face as possible.

It is important for any aspiring cartoonist to experiment with as many kinds of brushes, pens, inks and papers to discover the ones that will work best for his own particular style. He should keep the art work brisk and bold because of the shrinking size of the cartoon strip. Papers are reproducing smaller and smaller, so a cartoon that is done boldly and simply will reproduce better. A lot of the better art work is being lost in these papers.

Garfield consists of three frames of the same size so they can be reproduced vertically if the paper chooses. As far as I know, Garfield is the only strip with three equal frames. I think there are other strips which run four equal frames. ●

Q's & A's about

The San Francisco Academy of Comic Art

by Bill Blackbeard,

We enthusiastically welcome to these pages on a regular basis, BILL BLACKBEARD, whose writings have appeared here occasionally in the past. Bill will conduct a column in which he will answer the most interesting questions submitted, pertaining to comic strips, and below you will find his suggestions for sending your questions to him. Blackbeard, of course, is the well-known founder of The San Francisco Academy of Comic Art, which has virtually complete runs (from the beginning) of a large number of major comic strips. He is the Series Editor of the 22-Volume Series of Classic American Comic Strips, recently published by Hyperion Press, and the Co-Editor with Martin Williams, of The Smithsonian Collection of Newspaper Comics, Copublished by Smithsonian Institution Press and Harry N. Abrams, Inc. We are very pleased that our readers will thus have access to the immense amount of factual information filed at the Academy, and appreciate very much Bill Blackbeard's cooperation in making this service possible for our readers.

Mark Sadler of Des Moines wants to know if "W.C. Fields was ever in any comic strip other than *Chief Wahoo*?"

As a matter of fact, Fields was often involved with strip cartoonists, and practiced some cartooning of his own. (This latter is not uncommon among actors, as well as writers. The popular silent screen comic, Larry Semon, drew a daily newspaper strip before he was a film success, while John Barrymore turned out highly professional cartoon (and serious) work for the Hearst papers in New York just after the turn of the century, although he was already a major stage performer. Such disparate writers as Pio Baroja and Ray Bradbury are gifted comic artists as well.

Fields was only once identified by name in a strip, to my present knowledge, and that was in what appears to be his first limning in the comics — Frank Hoban's *Jerry on the Job* for 9/25/16, in the New York *Evening Journal*. (See the cut on these pages; this and other strips referred to here have been reproduced from the Academy files.) Apparently overlooked by Merrill Blosser, Walter Berndt, and Carl Ed, when those cartoonists took their strip characters to Hollywood or mixed them with real movie folk at various times between 1910 and 1932, Fields made his next strip appearance a decade later in Ray McGill's little-known Hearst strip, *Brodie Betts*. (As I stated above, the Hearst people had many more strips going than ran in most places.) Not too notably Fieldsian in his first days in the strip, McGill's Betts quickly acquired Fields' stage and screen characteristics on the 1926 period in almost every aspect except height. Julian Ollendorf made up for that ten years further on by introducing the Fields figure unmistakably as his slapstick comic, Cluck, in his 1935 *Olly of the Movies*, another rare strip. Most memorably, of course, Allen Saunders and Elmer Woggon included Fields as a major character virtually from the start of their *Big Chief Wahoo* strip, caricaturing Fields broadly at first in 1936, then relimning him much more closely, in keeping with the growing "realism" of the strip, a half-decade later in 1941. Fields himself was aware of most of his strip appearances, particularly delighting in the later *Wahoo* representations. (In fact, Fields' initial entry scene in *My Little Chickadee* of 1940 was clearly derived from his 1936 entry in the Wahoo strip, reproduced here.)

Fields posed for cartoonists more than once, among them Harry Hershfield and Jim Lowry (of the Chicago *Tribune*).

Fields' own cartoon work, although rarely seen in print, was well represented by a self-portrait he sketched for the Philadelphia *Ledger* during a stage appearance in that city in 1917.

JERRY ON THE JOB
He Might Keep Three in the Air at the Sam
MORNING. HAS MY CAR ARRIVED YET? SHE'S DUE FROM DETROIT TODAY—
CAR?
YES-CAR- I ORDERED A FLIVVER- AND SHE OUGHT TO BE HERE TODAY— "FIELDS" IS THE NAME. WHAT ABOUT IT?
OOP!
PLUNK
WELL—THERE'S A LOT OF FLIVVERS GOT IN TODAY— BUT THE TAGS IS ALL MIXED UP- WAS YOUR BUS A ROADSTER OR A TOURING CAR?
DONT MATTER, SON— EITHER WILL DO- I'M A JUGGLER AND I WANT TO USE IT IN AN ACT.

First comic strip appearance of W.C. Fields was here in 9/25/16. (See text.)

COMIC STRIPS!

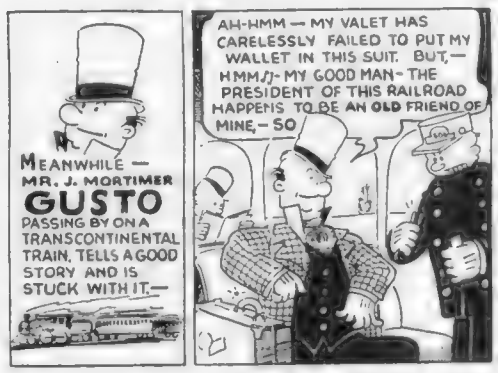
rt Answers Your Questions on Comic Strips

, Director, SFACA

The above sketch is that amusing juggler's own cartoon of himself in the tennis scene of "The Follies."

As some of you CP readers already know, the San Francisco Academy of Comic Art has long had a policy of answering the questions of NCS members at no charge so long as a SASE was enclosed. This will continue to be true in the conducting of this column, except that the privilege will be extended to all CP subscribers as well. To save Jud handling and postage, inquiries should be directed to me at SFACA, 2850 Ulloa St., S. F. CA 94116, SASE enclosed. The most interesting questions will be reprinted, with their answers, in this column. Only questions relating to comic strips will be used.

Big Chief Wahoo—


MEANWHILE — MR. J. MORTIMER GUSTO PASSING BY ON A TRANSCONTINENTAL TRAIN, TELLS A GOOD STORY AND IS STUCK WITH IT.—
AH-HMM — MY VALET HAS CARELESSLY FAILED TO PUT MY WALLET IN THIS SUIT. BUT,— HMMM- MY GOOD MAN- THE PRESIDENT OF THIS RAILROAD HAPPENS TO BE AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE,- SO

A letter from Terry O'Hara, a policeman in Vancouver, B.C., asks a question which is frequently encountered in the Academy mail. Mr. O'Hara writes: "Having just received my *CARTOONIST PROfiles* today, Sept. 18th, I have only thumbed thru the pages and to your column. I am very interested in cartooning as a hobby, and as a means of expression at work for the police dept. I am interested in the 22 volume series of Classic American Comic Strips published by Hyperion Press and would like an address to which I could write for more info on this series of books . . . A question for you that often has me wondering. Other than coming across a book title in *CARTOONIST PROfiles,* is there any one source to which I could turn *regularly* to find books or book titles about comic strips? An interested reader seems to be left with no choice but to write to all the different book publishers in the country. It would certainly be easier to write to a central source to obtain a list of all the comic strip books in print (and even to buy them there) than to vaguely hope one will stumble across them sometime.

Reader O'Hara's point is well taken, and reflects a number of similar plaints heard here at the Academy. At present, of course, there is no source for such a list, nor even any single book dealer who professes to stock all current comic-strip related titles for sale. The Museum of Comic Art carries many recent books in the strip field, but by no means all, and I am not sure if its staff solicits mail orders. Most specialist comic strip (and comic book) dealers advertise in the annual *Comic Book Price Guide* ($7.95; Harmony Books, 1 Park Ave., NYC 10016), but none claim to vend all titles in print or to provide lists of such. It strikes me that this is a service that the Academy might reasonably undertake, and that CP might assist by printing our list, say, twice a year. I'll let Jud respond to that in the parentheses following. (I'll be delighted to publish such as list — Jud Hurd.)

OLLY OF THE MOVIES—Pals! **By Julian Ollendorff.**

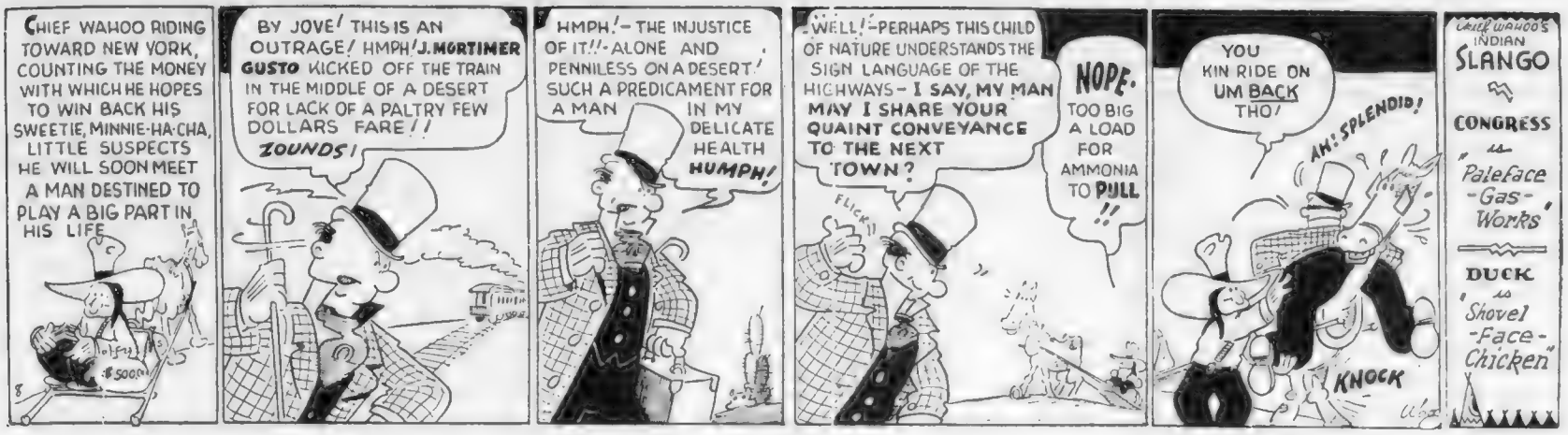
I'M SORRY I BUTTED YOU, PAL —
FORSOOTH, MY FRIEND, GIVE IT NO FURTHER THOUGHT!
GADZOOKS, YOU ARE THE FIRST MAN EVER TO BRING ME TO EARTH!
BUT, VERILY, I GAVE YOU A PRETTY TOUGH JOLT IN THE LA BONZE WITH MY FLYING TACKLE!
MY NAME IS CLUCK. WHAT'S YOURS?
I'M CALLED CLICK! CLICK AND CLUCK! WOTTA COMBINATION! WE OUGHTA CLICK TOGETHER!
GADZOOKS, CLICK, LET US PONDER PATIENTLY, AND PREPARE A PLAN O'ER A POT O' PORRIDGE!
P.D. PLEASED T'MEET'CHA CLUCK!

"Cluck" in this film-oriented strip of 5/29/35 is the third Fields strip prototype — although the actual Fields had long since discarded the "clip-in" moustache of silent and stage days.

Brodie Betts Copyright, 1926, by New York Evening Journal, Inc. **A Sleeper to Charleston**

BOSS JAH CAINT GO T' SLEEP DIS TIME O' NIGHT - ITS TOO EARLY
WELL - YOU HEARD 'ME I SAY YOU'RE GOIN' TO SLEEP - YOU' GOTTA GET INTO CONDITION - TH' IDEE OF A PRIZE FIGHTER OUT DANCIN' ALL NIGHT - NOW GET YOUR MIND OFFA CHARLESTON - AN' PUT IT ON
ATLANTA YOU'RE ON TH' WRONG TRACK -
BUT MISS ORCHID TOLD ME AH HAD TO LEARN DAT CHARLESTON IF AH WAS GONNA TRAVEL ROUN WID HER
I'M YOUR MANAGER - NOT 'AT SKIRT - YOU'RE GETTIN TO BE A REG'LAR CAKE EATER — DONT YOU KNOW AT DANCE IS BAD ON YOUR HEART.
OH MR BETTS IM JUST CRAZY ABOUT TH' CHARLESTON WONT YOU PLEASE LEARN IT, AND TEACH ME
BE DELIGHTED MISS PEACHTREE ITS WONDERFUL EXERCISE
COME! COME! I MEAN RIGHT NOW, NOT TOMORROW I GOTTA LEARN THIS DANCE TONIGHT - I UNDERSTAND ITS VERY GOOD EXERCISE FOR YOU TOO!
HO HUM
COME ON - WAKE UP!! PUT SOME PEP IN IT - YOU'RE JES WALKIN' IN YOUR SLEEP!
RAY McGILL 43

The short Brodie Betts of 4/3/26 was clearly Fields again.

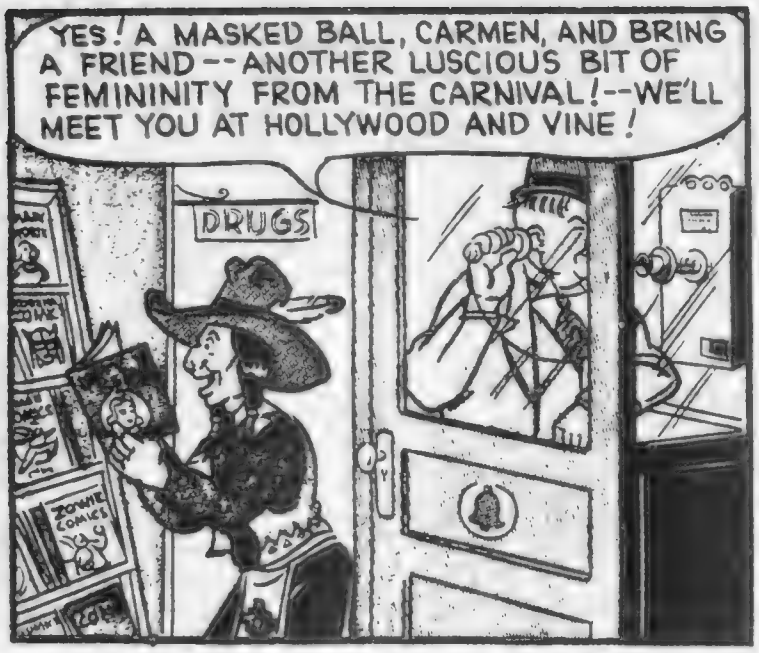

CHIEF WAHOO RIDING TOWARD NEW YORK, COUNTING THE MONEY WITH WHICH HE HOPES TO WIN BACK HIS SWEETIE, MINNIE-HA-CHA. LITTLE SUSPECTS HE WILL SOON MEET A MAN DESTINED TO PLAY A BIG PART IN HIS LIFE
$500
BY JOVE! THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! HMPH! J. MORTIMER GUSTO KICKED OFF THE TRAIN IN THE MIDDLE OF A DESERT FOR LACK OF A PALTRY FEW DOLLARS FARE!!
ZOUNDS!
HMPH!—THE INJUSTICE OF IT!!—ALONE AND PENNILESS ON A DESERT! SUCH A PREDICAMENT FOR A MAN IN MY DELICATE HEALTH
HUMPH!
WELL!—PERHAPS THIS CHILD OF NATURE UNDERSTANDS THE SIGN LANGUAGE OF THE HIGHWAYS—I SAY, MY MAN MAY I SHARE YOUR QUAINT CONVEYANCE TO THE NEXT TOWN?
FLICK!
NOPE. TOO BIG A LOAD FOR AMMONIA TO PULL!!
YOU KIN RIDE ON UM BACK THO!
AH! SPLENDID!
KNOCK
CHIEF WAHOO'S INDIAN SLANGO
CONGRESS is "Paleface-Gas-Works"
DUCK is "Shovel-Face-Chicken"

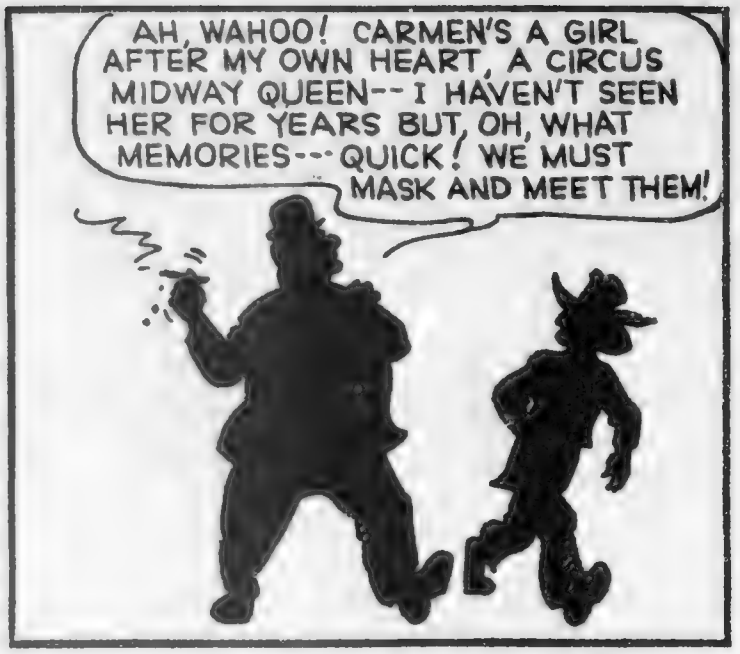
Gusto-Fields sequence in Wahoo

A more realistic Fields appeared in this 12/29/41 Wahoo sequence.

ZOUNDS! THIS STORE DETECTIVE JOB HAS IT'S DISMAL SIDE! THE STORE IS AS QUIET AS A TOMB AFTER THE CHRISTMAS RUSH··· THEN THE BOSS LEAVES ME TWO PAIRS OF TICKETS TO A NEW YEAR'S EVE MASKED BALL··· BUT NOT A CENT IN MY POCKETS··· WHAT LUCK!!
SUCH A PREDICAMENT! BUT THE GREAT GUSTO MIND WILL COME THROUGH··· HMM! LET ME SEE NOW··· HMM!
THEATRE

WAHOO! I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT YOU--- QUICK! LET ME TAKE A NICKEL, I WANT TO MAKE A PHONE CALL!
UGH! SAME OL' GUSTO!
MY LITTLE CHUM, WE'RE GOING TO A MASKED BALL--NOW WHERE DID I PUT THAT LIST OF PHONE NUMBERS—AH! HERE IT IS-- SADIE—NOPE! ETHEL--NOPE! AH-H! CARMEN, THE CONGA DANCER FROM THE MIDWAY--A BOMBSHELL FROM BRAZIL --MAIN 4935!
UGH! SEE IF SHE GOTTUM 'NOTHER BOMBSHELL FOR WAHOO!


YES! A MASKED BALL, CARMEN, AND BRING A FRIEND--ANOTHER LUSCIOUS BIT OF FEMININITY FROM THE CARNIVAL!--WE'LL MEET YOU AT HOLLYWOOD AND VINE!
DRUGS
ZOMBIE COMICS


AH, WAHOO! CARMEN'S A GIRL AFTER MY OWN HEART, A CIRCUS MIDWAY QUEEN--I HAVEN'T SEEN HER FOR YEARS BUT, OH, WHAT MEMORIES---QUICK! WE MUST MASK AND MEET THEM!

HERE THEY COME, CHIEF! (ZOUNDS! CARMEN HAS PUT ON WEIGHT---BUT WHAT A DISH WITH HER--HMM!) YOU'RE GONNA LIKE CARMEN-- SHE'S ALL YOURS, CHIEF!

GUSTO SURE MAKIN' UM PLAY FOR YOUR FRIEND, CARMEN!
BUT CARMEN EES NOT WORRIED--- WEETH YOU I AM HAPPY, SI?

MY LITTLE PRIDE OF THE PAMPAS! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL MY LIFE?
YOU BOLD RASCAL, CARMEN HAS TOLD ME OF YOU!

IT'S NEARLY TIME TO UNMASK, MY TURTLE DOVE! BUT THE EVENING IS YOUNG! I'M TAKING YOU TO THE FINEST NIGHT CLUBS TO SHOW YOU OFF!!

A noted writer and researcher in the comic strip field, Bob Bindig of Orchard Park, N.Y., writes to say "have been a strip collector for nearly fifty years and have a fair collection of strips and pages . . . but my problem now is I seem to forgetting things. Recently I read a nice article in "Stripscene" about *Barney Baxter* in which the strip is credited to Frank Miller. Every reference book I look into gives the same account, but in the cobwebs of my mind I seem to remember another artist at the very beginning of the strip. I had these early strips at one time, but they are long gone now. The name I seem to remember was "David," signed in a script style, but I have no way of proving this *Was* there an artist named David at the start? Would sure appreciate an answer."

Curiously, Bob, a nagging bit of information to the same general effect as yours about the early *Barney Baxter* — information I couldn't verify — kept me from from doing the entries on *Baxter* and Frank Miller for the *World Encyclopedia of Comics*. (I did my best to avoid writing for the WEOC, or any other source, about any strip or artist concerning which my data was unsure, as I still do.) Maurice Horn, who did write the two entries, and knew of my doubts, stepped adroitly around the matter of the early *Baxter*, as you'll notice in reading his tests. My information was also to the effect that another artist began the (differently named) initial prototype of the *Baxter* strip in the *Rocky Mountain News*, although I do not recall hearing him or it named. My source was a strip collector who dropped by the Academy in 1975 or thereabouts, recollected seeing the early Baxter in *another* perons's collection years ago (possibly Bindig's?), and mentioned this in looking at the Academy file of *Baxter's* from the N.Y. *Mirror* of 1936-45. The obvious next step — since even microfilm files of the *R.M. News* are not common outside of Denver — is to check the files of that paper in either Denver or the Library of Congress: a step I mean to take within the next few months.

The "reference books" you checked are rarely of much reliable use, unfortunately, except for the obvious kind of information about strips you can find out on your own within using any books at all — which is exactly what their authors did. (In short, *and* understandably, considering the limited economic return for hours expended, authors of most extant works on comic strips as such did little serious original research into their subject, but simply relied on extant popular magazine date in the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature*, readily on file in any large library, and word-of-mouth recollections from friends in the comic strip or allied fields. The essential business of checking back into ponderous and endless newspaper files to see what actually went on with the comics was never tackled with any systematic determination. That would have been too much like real work, and would have spoiled the fun of just meandering on happily about recalled favorites in the comics, and of telling funny yards about old cartoonists. A thoroughly sound work of factual data on the history and development of the comic strip should be possible about 1980, however, given the on-going work at the Academy in tracking down the tantalizing loose ends of comic strip data like this *Baxter* puzzle.

Locating the often incredibly rare early appearances of important strips (and the Academy culls dozens of runs of discarded newspaper files every year to find them) can yield long-sought data of real import. To cite a recent example, Horn wrote in his WEOC

entry on Zack Mosley (another one I passed over for temporary lack of access to the revelant works with which the artist was involved), "Mosley claims that during his student days he assisted in the artwork of *Buck Rogers* and *Skyroads*." As it turns out, Mosley's "claim" is wholly valid. Although there is no direct evidence in the *Rogers* strip run of his work, the Academy's recent uncovering of the virtually non-existant opening months of *Skyroads* reveals a series of daily episodes wholly drawn *and* signed by Mosley, looking like nothing so much as test runs of *Smilin' Jack*. The pleasure of encountering something like that — or like the unheard-of *Hairbredth Harold* strip of 1904 which preceded *Hairbredth Harry* — is worth all of the page-turning and paper dust involved. One is, for a brief moment at such discoveries, "silent upon a peak in Darien."

Bill White of Provo, Utah, writes to ask "how on earth anyone can put together a wholly complete run of even a *single* old daily newspaper comic strip of any real length — twenty or thirty years, say? If you find the strip in the hands of a dealer or collector, it's virtually always lacking a large number of episodes over the entire run — which you then have to fill in piecemeal from whatever sources you can find, or else buy still another run in hopes of finding different episodes missing, and so on, and so on. If you locate a newspaper file with the strip in, it may have only appeared for part of its run there, lack the episodes for the holidays the paper didn't publish, like July 4, Xmas, and New Year's, and have holes in it from people cutting out movie stars' pictures or recipes on the other side of the comic page. No matter *what* you do — and I've talked to a number of other collectors who've had the same kind of experience — you can't seem to win. Is this why even the very rich cartoonists I've met don't have actual files of their favorite old comic strips — that even *they*, with their money, can't pin down reasonably complete or well-printed (*another* problem!) runs anywhere?"

I've rarely seen the whole problem of daily newspaper strip collecting more succinctly (or painfully) put, Bill. Once the syndicates discarded their proof files of their strips — as they all did periodically over the decades, keeping pace with the movie studios — there were no more complete files of strips available for anyone, anywhere, *except* in the hit-or-miss bound runs of old newspapers. (Another reason why effective research into comics has been so difficult, of course.) Since such newspaper strip runs were wholly unindexed, the collector and student has had to take potluck, dipping into paper after paper with fingers crossed. Even apparent papers of origin, such as the Chicago *Tribune*, the N.Y. *Daily News*, and the various Hearst papers, did not always print *all* of their own strips. (Some News-Tribune strips started *only* in one or the other paper, and not both at once, meaning one would need files of *both* papers to cover all N-T strips adequately. And files of the *Daily News*, to put it mildly, are not common.) The Hearst papers are the worst for the collector, since the Hearst syndicates made a policy of paying for and circulating *more* strips than even *two* Hearst papers in a single city could readily publish. Other newspapers which circulated a block of strips, even though they themselves printed them all, like the Philadelphia *Ledger*, are extremely hard to locate in good and complete condition. And so it goes.

One way to find a complete, well-reproduced file of a given daily strip involves pure luck (although it *does* happen), and that is to locate a collection put together by an old-timer *during* the period the strip was published — painstakingly, and with a look through several copies of each day's paper to find the best-printed episode for that day. Even rarer, of course, would be a file of syndicate proof sheets: the cartoonist's own, or that of some devoted fan who worked on a subscribing newspaper for the period involved. But both such possibilities are only fancies for most of us. The Academy's own procedure is unfortunately about equally impossible for anyone else: we take in many runs of discarded bound newspaper files continually, remove all of the comics, and upgrade and complete our extant files of all the strips by comparing the newly removed copies with those already on file, this is what creates the quality files which made our recent *Smithsonian Collection of Newspaper Comics* possible, as well as several volumes of the Hyperion series.

Luckily, the Academy's new service of duplicating its own fine runs of daily strips in perfect, solidly black and white copy on quality bond paper (11" x 14" sheets which carry three to five daily episodes per sheet in sequence), on the Academy's own machine (a Litton Royal Bond Copier II), for researchers and students at $30.00 per year has met your problem head-on and essentially solved it, Bill. (This is essentially a library service, of course, and violates no copyright law, since reproductions are limited to one run per person, and the purchaser must state he will not deal commercially in the reproduced sequences in any way, including reproducing them again for his own gain.) Most popular with students have been our files of *Mickey Mouse*, *Popeye* (we recently located the enormously rare daily episodes missing from the Hyperion original title), *Wash Tubbs*, *Alley Oop*, *Secret Agent X-9* (from people after the Hammett-Raymond story Nostalgia Press left out without notice), *Terry and the Pirates* (for the ditto Nostalgia Press reason), *Brick Bradford*, the Briggs *Flash Gordon*, *the post-1931 Buck Rogers*, *Connie*, *Felix the Cat*, and, needless to add, *Krazy Kat*. There are many demands for *Dick Tracy*, but for a number of reasons, we have had real problems in finding a few dozen replacement episodes for poor-quality ones in our extant file for 1932-34.

To reply to your last point, most strip cartoonists, "rich" or otherwise, are usually so sharply oriented to the creative process, and so generally unaware of the world of active strip collectors, that they rarely go beyond the vague, occasional wish they could reread (or find all of the unread parts of) their own old, favorite strips. The energy that the collector or researcher can put so vitally into ferreting out the strips of concern to him must often, with the active cartoonist, go into the daily production of his own strip, to say nothing of his family life and such promotional efforts as may make demands on his time and thought. While to the collector, it may seem logical to expect to find — in Milton Caniff's home, for example — beautifully mounted and bound files of say, Noel Sickles' *Scorchy Smith* and his own *Terry and the Pirates*, the cartoonist usually finds this sort of thing a phantom ideal, something for someone else in his household not so thoroughly bound up with daily strip production to undertake "sometime," if ever. If, of course, a cartoonist were presented head-on with such a file, ready assembled, he *would* probably buy and enjoy it — in his rare spare time — but that kind of windfall is a fall cry from having to dig up the episodes on his own, or even to keep a day-to-day scrapbook at the time of publication.

Which wraps us up this round. Keep the queries coming!

— Bill Blackbeard

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I want to buy outright or ghost an already syndicated panel or strip. Any style except realistic. Send detailed information to:

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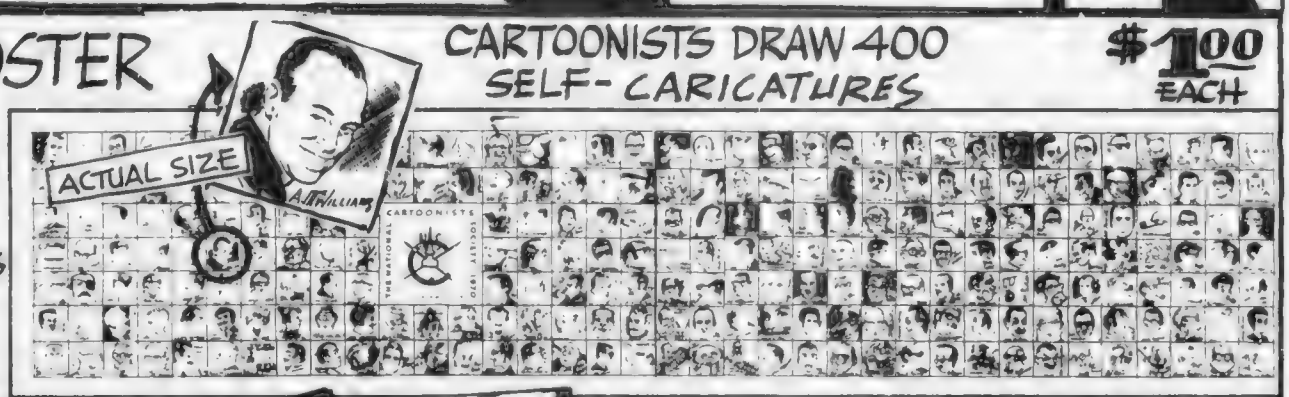

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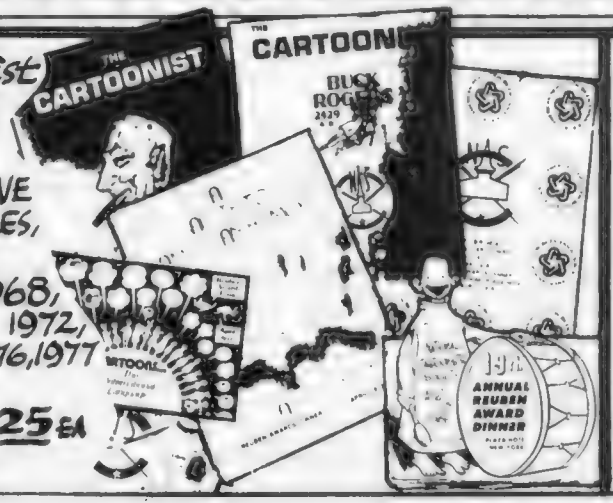

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COMICANA

The Absolutely Fascinating Science of COMICANA

by

Mort Walker

Exclusive! ! Here is the first chapter of the new book which Mort (Beetle Bailey, etc., etc., etc.) Walker is now in the process of writing about a fascinating new science!

In the early 50's, a humorist by the name of Charles Rice attached labels to certain things in cartoons like sweat drops and little clouds that appear behind a person when he is running. He called them "plewds" and "briffits." It prompted me to do some research on my own and I found to my delight that he hadn't even scratched the surface of the comicana goldmine. In an article published in 1964 by the National Cartoonists Societytitled, "Let's get down to Grawlixes," I published my findings. Funny paper symbols like, "hites," "agitrons," and "indotherms" were put up for public ridicule.

Much to my amazement, what began as an esoteric spoof for the amusement of other cartoonists was taken seriously by the outside world. The terms I had invented have now entered into the lexicon of cartoon art. At the Museum of Cartoon Art, my display titled, "The Encyclopedia of Comicana," began attracting teachers and students who stood in front of it and took notes on "solrads," "waftarons," and "jarns." I heard lecturers refer to the Greek roots of the terms and speak of the science of comicana.

Well, maybe there's more gold in them hills, I thought. Digging into the archives at the Museum proved it. This book carries the investigation of cartoon symbols to the ultimate, I hope. I've exhausted all my Latin and Greek roots. It's still meant to be a spoof, but if anyone wants to use it as a guide, you're welcome. Just don't blame me if you get caught in a blurgit.

The Museum of Cartoon Art defines a cartoon as "any whimsical or facetious graphic expression which parodies any aspect of human behavior." That may be the intellectual definition. . .and that may be why I don't understand it.

Every child is a cartoonist, really. Did you ever know anyone who started out as a Rembrandt? No. We all begin by drawing crude symbols of people and houses and trees. Parents know immediately with great pride what their offspring has drawn. The drawings are not realistic in any sense, but distilations of shapes that are easily drawn and recognized, even by parents. The drawings are actually cartoons because that is all cartoons are: A grouping of symbols piled like building blocks to convey an idea.

A few of the children might grow up to draw more realistically like Norman Rockwell or William de Kooning, or create their own set of enigmatic symbols like Picasso, but the ability to recognize these basic symbols never leaves us. There are thousands of them, some learned, some instinctive. Every baby knows that a circle is a ball. Put a few lines inside – it becomes a face.

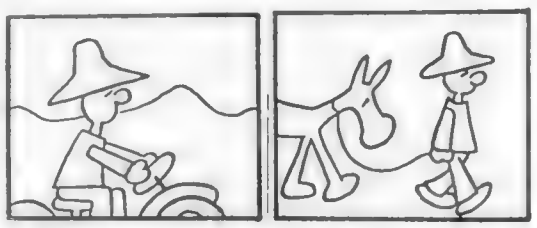
These cartoon symbols are being used more and more throughout the world to bridge the language barriers. We see them on road signs, on rest room doors, on automobile dashboards. They tell us when to go, where to go, and when not to go.

DEER CROSSING

LADIES ROOM

LIGHT SWITCH

As we become more international we need symbols more and it helps if the symbols are widely understood. A prominent American cartoonist was given the assignment to produce a comic book on agriculture methods for the farmers of Indonesia. The books were rejected because the Indonesians didn't understand the comic book technique of doing close-ups in the panels. The official pointed at two panels that bothered him the most.



"Why have you cut off the farmer's legs? Was he run over by his tractor?", he said of the first one, and then dismissed the other with, "In Indonesia we do not have two-legged donkeys."

So we must take heart when we see people in remote parts of the earth reading Blondie and Peanuts and watching Donald Duck on the movie screen. Not only are we providing them with entertainment, we are spreading a kind of universal language.

The best place to begin with our basic set of symbols is at the top.

TETEOLOGY

Often we relate to people more through expression than through language. Someone says, "You sonofabich!" You must look in his eyes to see if he's being affectionate or aggressive. It is important, therefore to master the most basic aspects of teteology.

Happy

Sad

Mad

I don't get any of this.

OCULAMA

The most important element of expression comes from the eyes & oculama is almost a complete science in itself. The next step up into more complicated teteology must begin here.

Dopey

Fed up

Swacked

Sophisticated

Surprised

Proud

Amused

Asleep

Unconscious

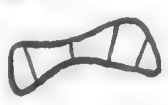
You oughta see the other guy.

ORALOLOGY

If you can say it then you're using the right part of the anatomy. . .and very well, too! The mouth is the next most vital area of expression. Who among us has not been the victim of a smirk, a sneer, or a slerm? "A slerm," you say, "What's a slerm?" Well, that's why you're reading this book. If you knew what a slerm was (or a grawlix) (or a waftaron) (or a lot of other nonsense) you could have saved yourself $4.95 plus tax and the embarrassment of having to carry this book out of the store in a plain brown paper wrapping.

After that adoo. . .oralology.

Friendly



Not so Friendly

Overcome

Undercome

PROTUSILE

Related, but a distinct division of oralology is the language of the tongue. Cartoonists use it a lot but we'll only be able to stomach four types here.

Exhausted

Pretty girl passing

Good eats

Go to hell

Put them all together, mix them up, and you have an endless variety of special communications.

Embarrassment

Fear

La Deluge

All steamed up

Like it says

Overindulged

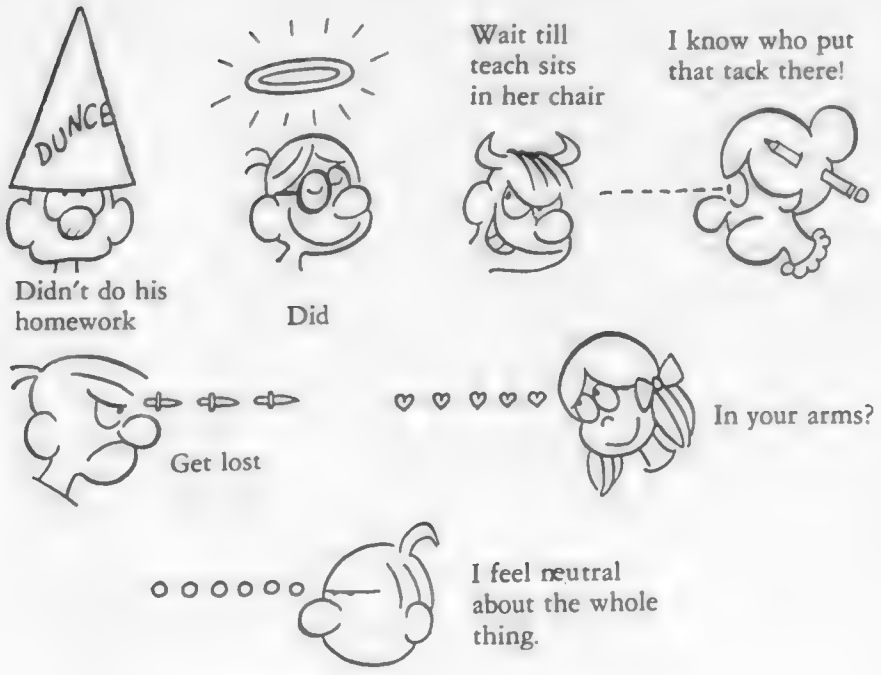
Overheated

Sneer

Slerm

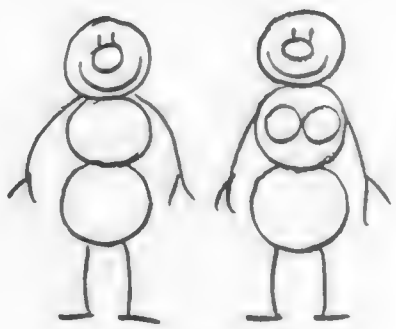
"YOU PAID $4.95 FOR THIS BOOK?!"

Sometimes to convey the precise flavor of various teteology, a few props are necessary.

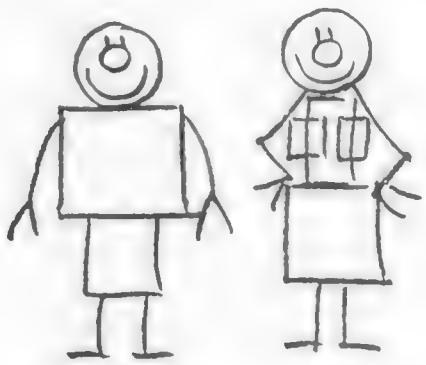

DUNCE
Didn't do his homework
Did
Wait till teach sits in her chair
I know who put that tack there!
Get lost
In your arms?
I feel neutral about the whole thing.

DOODLES

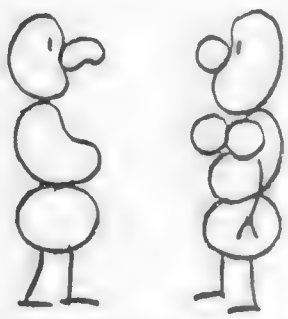
Now let's get into your body. (Don't you *love* that?) There have been many books written on body language, how people reveal their feelings with their posture, but very little has been written about the basic cartoon body. How many people realize that bodies in cartoons are built of beans, balloons, and boxes? A doodle of a man for instance, might consist of a balloon for the head, one for the upper body, another for the lower, and some sticks for appendages. To change sexes just add a few more balloons. Cheaper than going to Sweden.



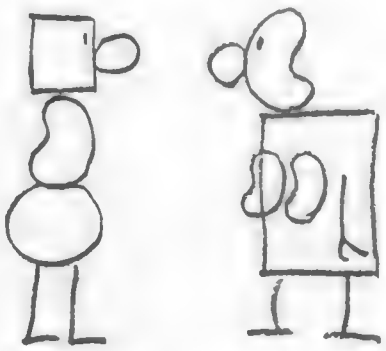
Man and woman using balloon doodles



Man and woman using box doodles



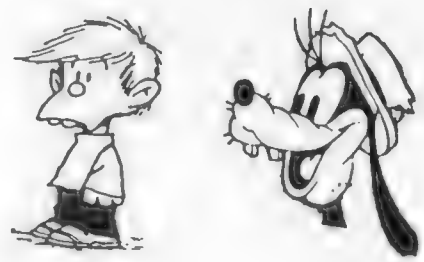
Man and woman using balloon and bean doodles



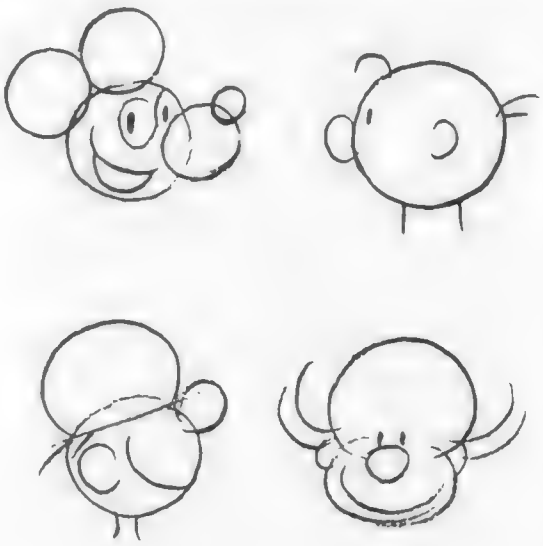
Using box, bean and balloon doodles

TYPES

After you get the hang of doodles, you're ready to elaborate and create some individuals or types. Probably the most-used type over the years has been the lame-brain. Since the brain isn't visible, a clue is needed to tip off the reader as to the character's IQ. For some strange reason, the clue has become buck teeth. Although doctors have never determined a direct relationship between acumen and malocclusion, the device has become firmly entrenched in comicana. It has even spread to show business. Remember Edgar Bergen's "Mortimer Snerd," or some of Jerry Lewis' skits? You'll find it everywhere. Here are some of the samples from the comics.



Do recognize any of these balloon doodles?



JOHN ROMITA

The Amazing Spider-Man
at
CARTOONERVILLE
The Gallery of Original Comic Art.

Here is the concluding installment of the Cartoonerville interview with John Romita, the Spider-Man artist. Included also are comments by the well-known comic book artist, Lee Elias, and by Dick Commer of the Cartoonerville Gallery.

Q. What do you see in the future for comic book artists?

A. "Depending on how the cost of printing continues to spiral, I think one of the things that's possible for the future is the use of full color artwork in an offset line of comic books, which are really magazines. They're elaborate versions of the comic book. They'll have the same type of story and characters, but they'll be transferred to a fancier, more appealing package.

A 32-page Marvel comic book retails at 35¢, Marvel "Annuals" and "What If" 64-page comic books should retail at 60¢, and the 4-color offset Marvel comic book magazines start at $1.50.

In that latter form, the artists with the widest versatility, the ones that can do the most different types of work, will survive and prosper."

Q. How does the price the artist receives coordinate with the price of the books?

A. "The price for artwork is always going to lag behind because everytime somebody in Bridgeport rings the bell, somebody over at a comic book publishing company will take the bait. The cost of paper and engraving have been dictating the cost of the books." Lee Elias, cartoonist and Marvel Comics artist interjected: "The price of comic books has always gone up because the printer wants more money or the paper cost goes up or the engraver demands a raise ..."

Romita: "But the comic books never are raised in price because of the artist."

Lee Elias: "The fact is, comic book artists only get about 1/3 more than they did 25 years ago. And, everything else is three times higher in price ..."

Romita: "It's amazing why so many people want to get into this business. All of you folks here at Cartoonerville today have to understand that there are some of us, who make very good money. There are very fast artists, who make excellent money; better than you could make in a lot of other businesses. But a lot of us are making less than if we went into magazine work and advertising."

Elias: "I know other artists who feel the same way; one of the leading comic book artists just moved out of the country and has practically retired. It's so difficult to give up quality for quantity. It's become such a habit in comic book art ..."

Romita: "Well, the quality is always the criterion with me, anyway. They're demanding a lot more elaborate work. As you know, the comic book of today, the original pages, covers and splashes, which you see here, is so elaborate, there's so much invention and so much ability that goes into them. I don't know how some of the young artists turn out the work for the price that they get. I don't think anybody in this business is being paid what he should be paid. But then I know some people who are being paid more than they should be paid. Beginners make, I think, $30 a page to start (that's a pencil). The range right now is $30-40 a page for pencils and $25-30 a page for inks. I think the top men are making around $80 a page, complete. Some guys can turn out three to four pages a day. Others, more normal people — not geniuses, are lucky to turn out two."

Dick Commer: "John Buscema says he turns out about five a day."

Romita: "Then, he's doing great. He does 'breakdowns' (the curse in this business has been the 'breakdown'). We have managed to get a lot more stories out of guys like John Buscema. I don't know if anybody knows what a 'breakdown' is (it's a very rough pencil drawing). And the story telling and the characterization is in the 'breakdown'. Once the artist does that, it's given to a team of people or one individual who spends a lot of time turning it into the finished artwork, what you see here at the gallery on all the walls — original, one-of-a-kind comic book art pages and covers. And that's mainly because of the process where the artist becomes a part of the storytelling team.

Some guys can make more money at $40 a page than others at $50-55 a page. It depends on how much you can produce and how much you can coax out of the publisher."

Commer: "When somebody does less work than a regular penciler, does the inker get more money?"

Romita: "Yes, we balanced it out — if the penciler gets $50 a page for finished penciling and he gets $30 a page for a 'breakdown', there is a $20 gap that can be transferred to the inker. You take an artist like Joe Sinnott — he's making a nice rate, but he puts in an awful lot of work into the rough 'breakdowns' he gets. When he takes a very rough 'breakdown' to a finish he's really earning his money. And that's a whole other talent, by the way. If you're an embellisher like Joe Sinnott (he's a penciler, draftsman and a beautiful technician) the art comes out magnificent in its finished form. There are several of his originals here, which you can recognize by the quality of the artwork. He really has to work for his dollar and he's really a great talent. Other people can't finish their own work. They just want to pencil it and get it out. Other people really want to finish their own, but they can't afford to do it. There are so many variations. If you have 100 comic book artists, you'll find 100 different arrangements. Very seldom is there a standard pattern."

Q. What are your thoughts and feelings concerning the 'reverence' a few comic book cartoonists receive from comic book fans? Is that 'reverence' justified or are there many outstanding comic book artists?

A. "You mean Neal Adams? I don't know, I can't follow the twist of fan interest. I know a lot of fans are interested in decorative art, they're impressed by it. A lot of decorative technique is what I call partially unnecessary stuff. A lot of it doesn't reproduce that well, anyway. I believe in good simple hard-hitting comics with good background. The kind that if you look across the room at a comic book you could almost see what's happening in it. A lot of this beautiful decorative work just doesn't hold up in reproduction. Especially with the problems of reproduction today."

Lee Elias: "I know a lot of artists who never even get recognized for their outstanding graphic artwork; never even get a mention or award."

Romita: "Well, awards are something else, but there are people who never get noticed because they don't realize some of the important premises of the industry or of the artform. Actually, the truth of the matter is, if you put all the fans together, there might be about 5,000, maybe. Most of these people who buy the comic books don't even know that they've been done by an artist. They just think it's some mysterious process. And those are the ones who buy the bulk of the comics. So, I think, to do artwork for a few thousand fans is a mistake because you will get their adulation and their support, but you won't sell a lot of books. You know, some of the best books that get produced don't continue on the schedule because they are not reaching a wide enough fan level that will support the book."

Elias: "There's also an operation that defeats itself inherent in comic books. It's when a book is selling well, a publisher decides that anyone can do it because of the exposure of the original artist, who's been doing that book. When a book is failing, the publisher doesn't want a guy who's going to drive it into the ground, he wants a good man to bring it back to life. That artist usually remains in the shadows ..."

Romita: "Well, that varies, too. A team goes on a quality book because they want to enhance it ..."

Elias: "I'm talking about when they want to sell a good book."

Romita: "Right, the book is in trouble. One of the best examples of putting inadequate teams on a book ... during the early 60's, I think, they were putting all sorts of teams on Superman; guys that were not turning out very good work. Because they felt that 'Superman' was pre-sold, they thought that nothing could hurt sales of that book. And that is one of the best examples of that policy. The 'Superman' book died substantially since the early 60's, and the reason for it was that there was not enough ambition in the writing — I don't know about the editing; I think the editing was pretty well done, but I think the writing and the art was done on a rather shabby level and I think it hurt the book. So, I think fan interest is important, but I don't think it's the whole story."

Q. What person has done more for Comic Books and comic strips than all the others?

A. "My quick reaction would have to be Jack Kirby. That's a personal feeling of mine. I think Stan Lee in a lot of ways has meant more to the whole industry. As far as an artist goes, Jack Kirby has set the standards, but as far as conceiving of characters and executing them and making an impact on the business, I think Stan Lee."

Q. Who had the greatest influence on you as an artist? Who were your favorites as a youth?

A. "I'd have to say Lee Elias."

Elias: "I didn't know that, John."

Romita: "Yeah, I'd see 'Beyond Mars' every week."

Elias: "Really, I wish I had those originals. I gave them away when we didn't think they were worth anything."

Romita: "Milton Caniff had the greatest influence on me. Even though Alex Raymond had a big impact and Hal Foster was one of the originators of the comic book style; I think, when I grew up, Milton Caniff was doing the stuff that I liked. The comic book industry has gone off in its own direction. The fans that are interested in comic book art are not interested in the newspaper adventure strip. I think the newspaper strip is a whole other ballgame."

Q Do you believe that outstanding original comic book art by the leading artists will grow in value just as original comic strip art has done in the past 10 years?

A. "There is an interest that's been growing in the original comic book art. I hesitate to predict. It could become a tremendous success, a great continuing acceptance of the art form, or it could remain where it is as of this moment."

Elias: "I think it follows the trend in fine arts. I think most of the things that are sold are sold not because there are any true lovers of any particular artwork, although there are some, but because they think that someday this is going to go up in price. The people who buy these things watch trends and think of the future. It's an economic thing. Good art will never die."

Romita: "Some artists are cashing in now. I think there will always be a market for collecting original comic art, and as long as people are collecting, trading and buying, it will magnify things because there will be more fans coming in all the time."

Q. Who are some of the comic strip cartoonists, who began work in the comic book field?

A. "It wasn't too common up until recently."

Elias: "Originally there were reprints, a lot of reprints."

Romita: "Most of the comic strip men were nowhere near comic books. Leonard Starr would do comic book work. Neal Adams reversed it. When he was about 19 he did 'Dr. Ben Casey' and then he went into comic books after ..."

Elias: "But these are still late comers ..."

Romita: "Yeah, but there were no comic books before 1938."

Elias: "I started in 1940 at Fiction House. There were guys like George Tuska, who worked for Harry Chesler, originally. And many talented guys who disappeared from the scene completely, worked up at Fiction House."

Romita: "Are you asking about comic book men, who went to newspaper strips or vice versa?"

Q. Comic strip artists who went into the comic book field.

Romita: "Oh, now that's a whole other thing. Frank Robbins, Lee Elias ..."

Elias: "No, I started in comic books, went to strips and went back ..."

Romita: "Right. George Tuska, who was in comic books for a long time, did 'Buck Rogers' for six or seven years, went back in the books and is now doing strips again. That isn't quite as common — a strip artist going into books. Bob Lubbers, who was ghosting 'Li'l Abner', is now working for us (Marvel). I don't know if there is a real substantial group of men who went from strips into comic books. I think it's still a minority of artists."

Q. What advice did you give your son when he became interested in doing comic book art?

A. "I used to discourage him. I don't know why he would want to get into the business, because he used to see me work around the clock, but I didn't really advise him either way. I figured if he wanted to go into it, and he could persevere, he would

end up in it. I really didn't give him too much advice.

Audience Participation: Answers by John Romita/Lee Elias/Dick Commer.

Q. How important is the contribution of the comic book writer and how much does a writer usually make?

A. "If you can write, you can make a bundle. The rates were $15 a page; now they are $30-35. A writer, who can do 10 pages a day, can earn $350 a day. The only thing is, I don't know how long he could sustain that pace. Generally, you could write a story in a couple of days. And an artist — there's no way he can do a story in a couple of days. So the artwork is always a harder way to make a living."

Q. What is the job of the editor in comic books?

A. "As an editor-writer, you've got a real problem on your hands because comic book readers are very demanding when it comes to conceptual progress. They want the stuff always growing and interesting; contrary to when I was a kid when you had 10 words in a balloon and 10 balloons on a page. Today, kids want more and more to read. I think that's very encouraging. You look at some of the recent stuff like the originals Karen and Dick are offering here in the gallery. They're full of copy. In fact, a lot of times, much of the artwork is covered with copy. But the readers are demanding more intelligent writing, more imaginative writing and more complex plotting and characterization. I think the comic book has a lot more creative talent contributing to it than many other fields. Some of the television stuff that's being produced today is so bad that I can't believe it. Some use story lines that we wouldn't even consider for comic books. Characterization is so shallow and they're spending millions of dollars to produce this type of work. In our comic books we can turn out more character and ten times better plots than much of the costly, over-produced television programs. I'll stake many of the Marvel stories here in the gallery against some of the biggest TV shows being put out today."

Elias: "Speaking about TV, I wonder if the same thing occurs to you that occurs to me. Sometimes I watch these comic book characters in 'live' shows. I never get the feeling that these characters are real. 'Spider-Man' for instance. You can't do on TV what you can do in a comic book."

Romita: "No, there are limitations to television ... physical limitations. But I'll tell you something else. That's one of the things that annoys me about TV people. They don't really believe in the character ('Spider-Man'). You take anybody here today, anyone who's interested enough to come out and spend the time, any one person who's going to draw for comic books, or who's going to write for comic books, or a devoted reader ... anyone of them believe in the character of 'Spider-Man'. If one were given a problem of producing a script, I guarantee you he or she wouldn't have the names or the concept mixed up. I find that some TV people are scornful of us in comic books. They believe that if it's in a comic book, it can't be good. The TV people might say, 'All right, so 500,000 readers buy a particular comic book each month, what we're talking about is 40 MILLION TV viewers.' As Rodney Dangerfield might say, 'They got no respect for the comic book industry.' TV production companies will take one of our formats. They won't say, 'How can we turn a good story into a good TV show?' They will most likely say, 'How can we make this little comic book story better than what it is now?' The 'Batman' show was a success for a couple of years. However, they never treated it with respect. Some have tried to do the 'Spider-Man' series. But they don't have enough of Stan's original concepts and innovative ideas to make it work the way it should! It's a crime. Seventeen years of exciting ideas and a readership of millions of all types of people and the TV people can't get 'Spider-Man' to be believable! My dentist, a man I respect, has saved a collection of 'Spider-Man' books from his college days. I find so much pride in that. This is a man who's intelligent, believed in it, followed 'Spider' from the beginning. 'The Hulk' has done a little bit better on TV. I think the 'Hulk' writers have a little more respect for the character. They've changed some of the basic premises, but they had to make concessions so that the series would work. We have to understand some of TV's problems: technical, financial, etc." Elias: "The strange thing is that when I was doing 'Beyond Mars' in '52, the News' objection to it was that it was too far fetched. And I had to design space suits and all of the paraphernalia pre-NASA. It would go like dynamite now. The thing is that we believed someday there would be men on the moon, but we didn't realize how soon."

Q. Would you compare the financial rewards of an artist and a writer to those of a publisher of comic books?

A. "That's always a subject of debate. Some of the writers and artists in the business feel that the publishers are making millions. They don't really make millions. All I can tell you is that no one is going to produce a book from which they don't make a substantial income. But I don't think they're making the millions that some might think they are. You see, if you print a million books to sell 500,000, that's a sizable cost. And if you're getting all of those returns, then it's a loss. If you sell 42 books out of 100 you're making a little bit of profit. Some books are just making a profit and some books are on the line and are just breaking even. But as soon as a book loses money, they drop it no matter how good it is."

Elias: "Isn't it also true that because of distribution problems about 30-50% of the books that are produced never reach the newsstands?"

Romita: "Some of them never even get unwrapped. That's a shame. I've got a feeling that we could reach the public better than we do with the present system and that we could sell 8 out of 10 books we ship. We succeed despite all of the odds against us. Any money that Marvel or DC make now is a miracle to me because there are roadblocks everywhere."

Elias: "When I lived in England, for about 10 years, I found that comic books had a more dignified approach. People of all ages would never be ashamed to read them anywhere."

Romita: "Comic books started out in the 30's and the 40's as what they called a 'trash article' and people have never really opened their eyes and accepted them as a form of literature or art. The parents used to say, 'I'll never let my kids read comic books.' They never opened a comic book in their life. They didn't know what quality was in them. They thought it was going to hamper their child's reading ability, when in truth, it is a fact that comic books are enhancing reading ability, almost producing readers, not discouraging them. An example is the 'Spidey' superstories, which are done for a younger age group in cooperation with the 'Electric Company'. That book has promoted so much reading in test groups that educators are amazed. Kids that could not understand what they were reading before, suddenly, after a couple of issues, understand what they are reading and can't get enough of it. Also, it's causing kids, because they can only get a certain amount of 'Spidey's', to go to other books. I think it's a great influence."

Elias: "Years ago, I used to give talks about using comic books as texts in the schools, but educators just weren't interested. This is a question I'd like to ask the audience: instead of a teacher taking away a comic book from a kid caught reading it, if they took the text books and put them into comic book form and said now, as a reward, you can take out your mathematics comics, would you young people enjoy your schooling more and would you get more out of it?"

Commer: "Tony DeZuniga, who was here the first week of our Six Super Saturdays, just finished a 250 page math book that is strictly handled in the comic book format, I believe for Scholastic Press. I would say that comic books as educational tools have only scratched the surface.

Commer: As for the comic book in general, no one can tell the future; yet we have seen today in our interview with John Romita, Sr. that comic books have taken a giant step forward. Who knows where this marvelous art form will take us? To fantasy land? To yesteryear? To a more understanding, more educated, more tolerant world? One picture is worth ten thousand words. Who can say what all the comic books with all their pictures and words are worth? Time, in the end, will have to be judge." ●

Jack Markow

Remembering the Thirties
Jack Markow

You'd think the Big Depression that began October 1929 would have throttled Cartooning. Not so. For comics creators the depression decade was a comparative period of prosperity. To alleviate the grimness of the times, the public wanted a good laugh or two. Comic strips had a permanent home in the many newspapers of the day. And most people seemed to be able to spare a dime for a humor magazine. The only drop-off I noticed was the sagging of Advertising and the assignment work it had offered cartoonists.

It was a period of permanent and astute cartoon editors. Norman Anthony, even then a veteran editor (*Judge* and *Life*), found himself without a job in 1931. Undaunted, he submitted a dummy of a novel humor magazine to a small publishing company — Dell. Accepted only as a one-shot, its phenomenal success carried it along for ten years. It helped boost Delecorte into big-time magazine and book publishing and incidentally made a fortune for Anthony who received a share of the profits. The new monthly was called *Ballyhoo* and it brashly satirized big business, politics, and high-pressure advertising. This set well with its readers who felt they had been ripped off by these groups. Thomas Craven writes of the magazine in his *Cartoon Cavalcade* (1945): "The jokes were loud and uncovered, the drawings explicit and unashamed, but the humor, when it came off, was genuine and the percentage of belly laughs probably higher than that of any other magazine of the time." *Ballyhoo* treated its subjects with extreme irreverence. It was a mix of large-size cartoons, many exploiting sex to its then printable limits, its own ad parodies (it did not accept straight advertising), and written material. The magazine was a forerunner of such later periodicals as *Esquire*, *Mad*, and *National Lampoon*.

Following the pattern he had set when editing *Judge* and *Life*, Anthony picked a nucleus of "regulars" for *Ballyhoo*. Among these: Russell Patterson who did most of the covers, Ed Graham, Ralph Fuller, C.W. Anderson, Floherty Jr., Frank Hanley, and this writer. The editorial door was wide open for covers, cover ideas, funny ads, short humor pieces, spreads, and of course, cartoons. It was not unusual for a member of the "stable" to receive twelve acceptances at one time.

At Dell, Anthony could do no wrong. All his suggestions for new magazines were snapped up. At one time, he was putting out six of them including *Manhattan*, a weekly intended to absorb some of the *New Yorker's* circulation, a pocket-sized monthly for men — and also its counterpart for women. All this from a cubicle of an office with one assistant, Phil Rosa. Despite the pile-up of work, Anthony continued his practice of in-person contacts with contributors and of okaying on the spot. I appeared so often in these magazines that I had to resort to pseudonyms in signing drawings — two of which were Pauncefoot

A 1932 cover by Russell Patterson

"Migawd—it's winter!"

Jr., and Tom Slater. By this time however, many cartoonists were needed to supplement submissions by the original nucleus of artists. A look at a Dell cartoon album of the period shows work by almost every cartoonist of those times — many of whom eventually landed in very fancy magazines or who became syndicate artists.

A typical measure of *Ballyhoo's* popularity was a day when a new issue hit the stands. I remember riding downtown atop a Fifth Avenue bus (yes, they had double-deckers then) watching the crowds homeward-bound from work. The avenue was a sea of color — caused by the squares of primary colors the magazine used on its cover. Everyone seemed to be carrying it. Columnists constantly mentioned the magazine, its publisher, and particularly its editor who was somewhat of a playboy. Success breeds imitation. Just as *The New Yorker* had its host of short-lived imitators — *The Brooklynite*, *the Philadelphian*, *The Chicagoan*, etc. — so did *Ballyhoo*. There were at least six causing Dell to put out its own look-alike, *Hulabaloo*. Fawcett Publications, originally founded on the magazine, *Captain Billy's Whiz Bang*, and ever alert to new trends, came out with its own version, *Hooey* — and tried to lure *Ballyhoo* artists into its fold with contract offers.

Back on Publisher's Row, some of the old stand-bys were having their last tiny hurrah. *Judge* under the aegis of Jack Shuttleworth had moved to more elegant quarters on 48th Street. It was an open market but many of its heavy sellers had to settle for due-bills as payment for cartoons. Bill Holman, for example, lived nicely at a Manhattan hotel using this barter arrangement. *Life*, soon to transfer to smaller quarters on 42nd Street, was fighting a losing battle in competition with *The New Yorker*, and was on the brink of extinction as a humor magazine. *College Humor* was on its way out but would be replaced by *Cartoon Humor*, an all-cartoon quarterly.

On the sad side, some markets would go — but, happily, there would be many others as replacements — unlike more recent times when TV devoured magazines leaving cartoonists without substitutions.

One new market, a steady and long-lasting one was Hearst's *New York American* which began using cartoons opposite its editorial page. In order to submit work, the cartoonist had to take the subway to City Hall where he could pick up the newspaper's private bus to its plant and editorial offices. I. Klein and I were among the first to hear of this new market and since the paper did not have a backlog of cartoons, we both picked up a large handful of okays. It was interesting to visit a lively newspaper office particularly since one could spot such luminaries as Winsor McCay who sat in a corner finishing up one of his editorial cartoons. Some years later, Bergy Bergman, a fine editor at *The New Yorker*, was drafted to *The American*, bought its cartoons and perked them up considerably. He went on to edit the *Philadelphia Bulletin Sunday Magazine*. Today, in his early eighties, he is still active as chief of that paper's book review department. *The American* paid $25 for its cartoons which may seem low today — but it was a tidy sum in the Depression years. Eventually King Features took over these cartoons and they are running as the feature, *Laff-A-Day*, with material supplied by freelancers.

In the meantime, David Smart had started his *Esquire Magazine* in Chicago. A monthly, it served up sex on slick stock, and in living color. It had its critics. Poet Maxwell Bodenheim characterized it as "perfumed garbage". Craven, famous art-critic of the day turned magazine-watcher, wrote: "*Esquire* has contributed freely to American humor, exploiting ribaldry, and depending on pin-up nudity to ravish the adolescent eye. Its most original humor is to be found in the drawings of hillbillies — synthetic hillbillies, to be sure, but related to a humorous tradition heretofore neglected by artists. None of the drawings would look well in a Sunday-school quarterly, but the humor is appropriate to the subject and conducive to harsh ventral laughter, that is, if you have a strong stomach. The worst of *Esquire* is its monotonous succession of off-color jokes — illustrated versions, often cleverly drawn, of stale toilet-room anecdotes." (Note: these two gentlemen should have been around when *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, and *Hustler* opened shop!). Despite slaps by the aesthetic community, *Esquire*, in its original format, thrived. Its cartoonists enjoyed space (many full pages) and the opportunity to employ full color. Artists like Shermund, Hoff, Bundy, Webb and Petty shifted over to this magazine —

A 1936 Ballyhoo *cartoon by C.W. Anderson*

"Good God, Bagby! Don't you know ANYTHING about women?"

LITTLE LULU

"Little Lulu" as she appeared in the Saturday Evening Post *in 1938*

1933 Ballyhoo *cartoon by Jack Markow*

"I told you not to sit on your opera hat, Updykel"

On the Eve of Election

Candidate Elmer Zilch announces

A modern platform which will fill the needs of the most finicky voter. Hot and cold running sentiments, sunshine all year 'round, in-a-door beds, maid service, removable planks.

"Our Next President"

Direct Relief for the Thirsty

Traveling stills to carry relief at top speed to all sections of the country suffering from the drought. It will dispense free whiskey and gin at government expense.

For medical purposes only, of course. This will be paid for by a bond issue.

The pipe running along the top of the relief wagon shoots out cigars and cigarettes and other goodies.

The gentleman on the box is none other than Elmer Zilch's brother-in-law, Luther P. Burp.

Ballyhoo's *trademark was Elmer Zilch. He appeared on covers, ads, and in body of the magazine. Could it be that the saucy little boy who has been doing similar yeoman service for* Mad *— is the son of Zilch?*

with consequent fame and fortune.

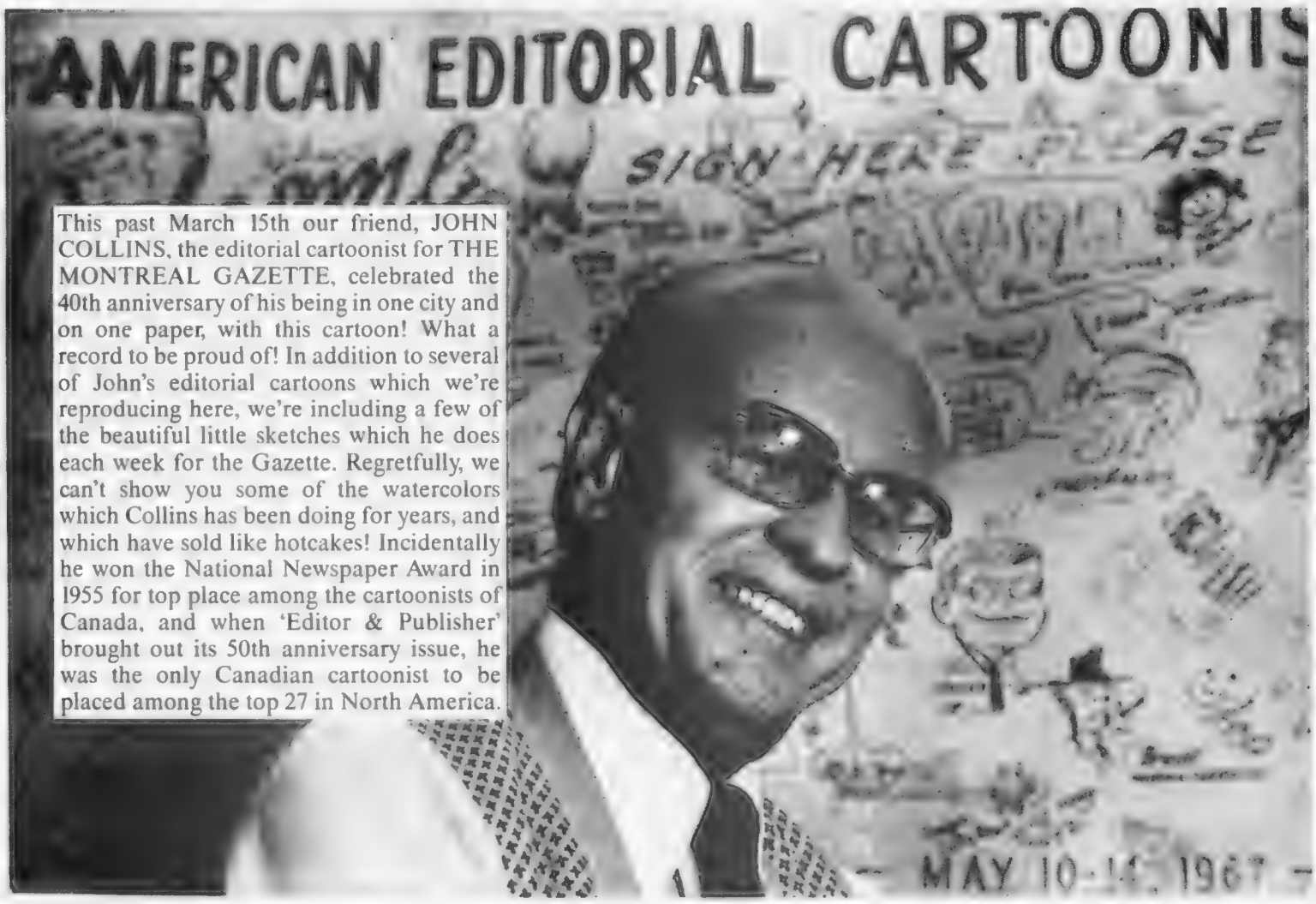
What of *The New Yorker*? This sophisticated weekly was beginning to make money and was gradually increasing its rates. Some of its cartoonists such as Arno, Hokinson, Rose, Addams, and Darrow were being set up as specialists on subjects they handled well. Still a young magazine, however, there was opportunity here for any cartoonist to break through and join the list of constant cartoon sellers.

Thus far, we have mentioned the all-humor periodicals and also those special ones which featured cartoons. There were many other solid cartoon opportunities coming up — the general magazines. Of these, three weeklies were to become open markets and showcases for scores of cartoonists. *Collier's*, which had used comic panels casually and occasionally, decided to expand its cartoon usage. Now, a humor specialist, Gurney Williams, was brought in from *Life* to handle both visual humor and short written pieces. A one-day-a-week stint at first, his job soon became a full-time one. *The Saturday Evening Post*, assessing the growing importance of cartoons, felt it necessary to send its editor, Marione Nichols, to New York City each week to try getting first look at the cartoonists' output. *Liberty*, not to be undone, hired cartoonist-writer Lawrence Lariar as its cartoon buyer. Not only did general cartoons appear in these publications, but also cartoon features which were to be picked up later by syndicates. The amount of cartoons appearing in these weeklies had its effect on companion-magazines of publishing companies. Crowell's *American Magazine* and *Woman's Home Companion* became good markets. Likewise, Curtis' *Ladies Home Journal* and *Country Gentleman* stepped up their cartoon-buying. This no doubt nudged many other general magazines into starting a cartoon program.

Cartoonists all over the country were certainly aware of what was going on. They flocked to New York in droves. Add much local talent to this list and you have formidable competition. Space here does not allow mention of all these contributors. Most cartoonists at one time took a crack at the magazine field. Many stayed; others went on to comic strips, advertising, book illustration, editorial drawings, writing, or what-have-you. Out of this magazine experience came, among others, syndication of Little Lulu, Hazel, Henry, Peanuts, Beetle Bailey, Smokey Stover, Dennis the Menace, Rivets, Teena, and Tizzy.

By now, the magazines had streamlined their system of buying. Wednesday became the "look day" making it possible for cartoonists to set aside that one day for salesmanship — and also for editors, local and out-of-town, to be prepared for an onslaught of submissions. Judgment on contributions, affirmative or negative, were issued in a week — and checks went out regularly. The cartoonist, in turn, became more efficient in his presentation. Although *The New Yorker* still considered cartoons in all shapes and sizes, sketches for most markets were invariably done on typing-size paper. Somewhat standardized, yes, but effective considering the many markets and all the handling, mailing, and filing that had to be done.

The Thirties, thus set the stage for the lush period of magazine cartoon usage of the Forties. This bonanza continued well into the Fifties unitl the Boob Tube began taking its toll of the printed word and picture.



This past March 15th our friend, JOHN COLLINS, the editorial cartoonist for THE MONTREAL GAZETTE, celebrated the 40th anniversary of his being in one city and on one paper, with this cartoon! What a record to be proud of! In addition to several of John's editorial cartoons which we're reproducing here, we're including a few of the beautiful little sketches which he does each week for the Gazette. Regretfully, we can't show you some of the watercolors which Collins has been doing for years, and which have sold like hotcakes! Incidentally he won the National Newspaper Award in 1955 for top place among the cartoonists of Canada, and when 'Editor & Publisher' brought out its 50th anniversary issue, he was the only Canadian cartoonist to be placed among the top 27 in North America.

Official Portraits

FEB. 22nd, 1955.— The great changes which took place in the Kremlin after Stalin's death suggested a list of new official portraits. Using only the hammer and sickle I tried out a few of the new likenesses.

JOHN COLLINS SKETCHBOOK
PLACE ROYALE

JOHN COLLINS SKETCHBOOK
SHERBROOKE APARTMENTS

JOHN COLLINS SKETCHBOOK
CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL

JOHN COLLINS SKETCHBOOK
The PARK RANGER'S HOUSE – Mount Royal

MAYBE THE POLITICIANS SHOULD TAKE OVER THE DRAWING BOARDS

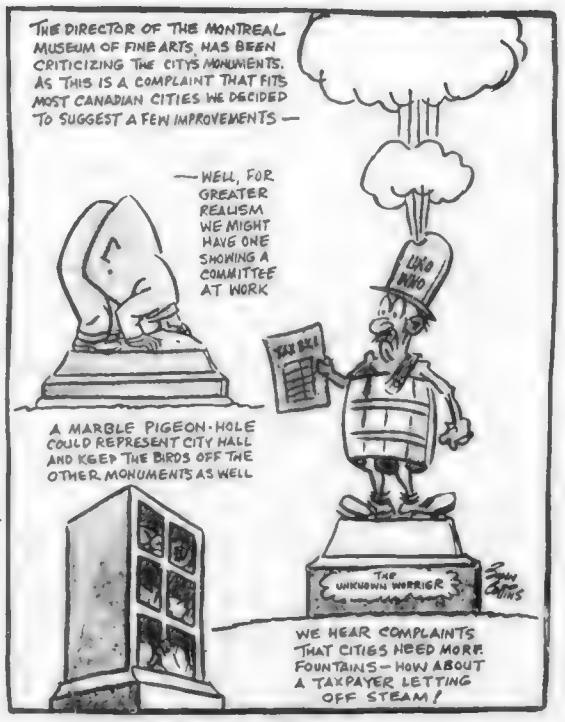
WHY CAN'T YOU GET IDEAS LIKE THAT ?
Ye EDITOR
QUEBEC NAVY
FLOATING CASINO TO PAY FOR OLYMPICS
EN GRÈVE
ENGLISH STRIKERS TO CARRY FRENCH PICKET SIGNS
FUNNY IDEA # 10500
BACK TO THE OLD DRAWING BOARD
BOHN BOLLINS

Outer And Inner Space

OCT. 19th, 1957.

Look Who's Right In Style

MARCH 20th, 1958.


THE DIRECTOR OF THE MONTREAL MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS HAS BEEN CRITICIZING THE CITY'S MONUMENTS. AS THIS IS A COMPLAINT THAT FITS MOST CANADIAN CITIES WE DECIDED TO SUGGEST A FEW IMPROVEMENTS —
— WELL, FOR GREATER REALISM WE MIGHT HAVE ONE SHOWING A COMMITTEE AT WORK
UNO WHO
A MARBLE PIGEON-HOLE COULD REPRESENT CITY HALL AND KEEP THE BIRDS OFF THE OTHER MONUMENTS AS WELL
THE UNKNOWN WORRIER
WE HEAR COMPLAINTS THAT CITIES NEED MORE FOUNTAINS — HOW ABOUT A TAXPAYER LETTING OFF STEAM !
BOHN BOLLINS

Strictly For The Birds

SEPT. 27th, 1957.

MOTLEY'S CREW

BY BEN TEMPLETON AND TOM FORMAN

L to R: Annette Carter, Ben Templeton (who draws 'Motley's Crew'), Tom Forman (who writes the popular strip which is distributed by the Chicago Tribune-N.Y. News Syndicate), and Jeff Carter, taken in the White House Library during the team's visit in September of 1977.

MOTLEY'S CREW

YOU KNOW, MIKE, NOBODY AT THAT TOWN MEETING SEEMED CONCERNED WITH MY SOVIET FOREIGN POLICY.
WELL, JIMMY, YOU GOTTA LOOK AT IT THIS WAY...
7/11
..WE AIN'T TOO WORRIED ABOUT DETENTE WITH THE RUSSIANS..
1977 by Chicago Tribune N Y News Synd Inc All Rights Reserved
..WHAT WE'D LIKE TO SEE IS A LITTLE DETENTE WITH THE COST OF LIVING.
TEMPLETON & FORMAN

MOTLEY'S CREW

MIKE, GUESS WHAT!?! YOU AND EARL HAVE BEEN INVITED BY PRESIDENT CARTER TO THE WHITE HOUSE FOR A BLACK-TIE DINNER...
9/11
1978 by Chicago Tribune-N.Y. News Synd. Inc All Rights Reserved
..HONORING THE AMERICAN BLUE-COLLAR WORKER!
THAT'S GREAT! DOES EARL KNOW YET?
I THINK SO.
I STILL SAY YOU SHOULD BUY ONE!
TEMPLETON and FORMAN

Ben Templeton is one of the leading illustrators and design consultants on the West Coast.

After receiving his degree in graphic design from UCLA, he worked as art director for various national advertising agencies before opening his own company in 1970.

Templeton, who has won many top awards in art and design is also a guest professor in design at California State University at Fullerton.

Templeton, . who lives in San Pedro, Calif., is married and has one son.

Tom Forman is a professional writer with experience in many fields, including television, film and advertising.

A 1968 graduate in government from UCLA, Forman spent four years as a teacher of history and philosophy, lecturer and consultant in education.

In 1973, he left education to write, produce and develop television documentaries, feature films and television series pilots.

Mr. Forman lives in Santa Monica, Calif. with his wife and two children.

MIKE! EARL! WELCOME TO MAH HOUSE!
9/20
I WONDER WHEN THE TAXPAYERS SOLD IT TO HIM...?
TEMPLETON and FORMAN
HERE'S THE STATE DINING ROOM... JUST GET YOURSELF A DRINK AND MINGLE.
NO BEER ?!?
SORRY, SIR, BUT WE ONLY SERVE WINE IN THE WHITE HOUSE.
9/22
SOMEBODY NAMED MOTLEY...
BLOTO BEER

BOY, WITH FOOD PRICES, TAXES, AN' INSURANCE RATES ALL GOIN' UP I JUST DON'T.....
POOR
© 1977 by Chicago Tribune-N Y News Synd Inc All Rights Reserved
POOR
MIDDLE CLASS POOR
POOR
TEMPLETON FORMAN

A favorite Forman-Templeton strip commenting on middle-class economic problems

How did you two get together?

Tom: In August of 1975 I was frustrated because the film and television industries weren't buying my comedy, so I decided to do a comic strip. I had a rough idea, and was put in contact with Ben, who at that time had two features in syndication, *Yankee Doodles* and *200 Years Ago Today*, both of which have passed away. Together we worked on the idea, which we called *Super Fan* — a comic strip for the sport pages. We sent out samples to all the syndicates, and Bob Reed of the Chicago Tribune New York News Syndicate gave us a positive response, but he suggested we turn it into a full strip, complete with Sundays, and having a balance of about 2/3 social satire and 1/3 sports satire. We did that, and Ben renamed it *Motley's Crew*, and Bob Reed loved it.

Ben: He flew us back to New York to polish the strip and get input from key members of the CTNYNS, which was a great idea — the kind of cooperation and help syndicates should give new people. Bob set the selling period for June thru August of 1976, spared no expense in promotioning the strip, and *Motley's Crew* started on September 6, 1976, with a very impressive list of papers. It's running presently in most major markets, and we're especially pleased that the New York News has moved our Sunday strip up to page two, right under *Beetle Bailey*, which is a great honor for us as Mort Walker's book, *Backstage at the Strips,* was a great help to us when we got started. Especially in how to hide belly-buttons from the editor.

How would you describe Motley's Crew?

Tom: It's simply a look at middle-class life in the United States today. We believe the middle-class is the backbone of our country, and needs to be represented in comic strips.

Ben: Since Tom and I are both very middle-class types, it's easy for us to relate to Mike and his crew. We show both the joys and sorrows of middle-class life. And the mail we've received would seem to indicate we've successfully hit a nerve.

How did the now-famous Jimmy Carter visit come to be?

Ben: Well, Carter planned to spend some time living with middle-class families around the country, so why not Mike Motley? There's *nobody* more middle-class than Mike. So, in the strip, Carter came to the Motley house and neighborhood to spend one night, and find out about middle-class life, and what the people were thinking.

Tom: Carter's likeness was in 37 consecutive strips, and due to Ben's ability to draw him well, we were able to show him "face to the camera." As far as we know, the Carter strips are the broadest use of a President in comic strip history.

Ben: In fact, we've been told it's the first use of a President as a continuing character.

Were you critical of Carter?

Tom: Only to the extent the middle-class, at that time, was critical of Carter. The bottom line in our social humor is *not* what we think (we've done many gags that we don't especially agree with) but what the *people* think. So Mike and his Crew were critical in some areas, like food prices and taxes, but in the main we believe we gave the President even-handed coverage.

This led to your invitation to the White House?

Ben: Right. The Carter family loved the strips and asked us to come to Washington and present the original art. We gave them some 40 originals. That was in September of 1977. It was quite an honor, although Tom forgot his ID and damn near got us all arrested at the East Gate. After all, he looks like a spy!

Tom: And you look like Lenin! Something else, we decided that Mike should visit the White House in the strip, which he did in September of this year. Mike and his sidekick Earl were invited to a black-tie dinner in the White House for something we called a "Dinner Honoring American Blue-collar Workers." The guys had a helluva time, but we're not certain the White House will ever be the same.

Ben: The Secret Service has requested that

Forman & Templeton were a year ahead of Proposition 13 with this 1977 strip

Earl return the Presidential Seal he took with him.

Tom: He planned to sell it at a garage sale.

How about your new panel, "The Sporting Life?"

Tom: Don Michel, the Vice-President and Editor of the CTNYNS, felt that a sports panel, based mainly on participatory sports, would be a big winner. Since we love sports we gave it a try. And it worked. Don was right. (It's hard to admit an editor is right, but he was right.)

How many papers?

Ben: It depends. If you count papers like some syndicates do we're in 4,395,574 papers . . . and that's just on the East Coast! A paperback book with about 130 *Sporting Life* panels is due out in October of this year.

Why do you think "The Sporting Life" is so successful?

Tom: Because again we touch a nerve. About 80% of the panels are about participatory sports, which people everywhere can relate to. The remaining 20% are split between people watching sports on TV — which is a big part of the sports "scene", and things that happen in pro sports. We've done something like 52 sports to date, even horseshoes.

Ben: The success of the dailies has led to a Sunday version of *The Sporting Life*, which started around the country on July 9th of this year.

How do you and Ben work together?

Tom: Very reluctantly. I'm kidding. Ben lives in San Pedro and I live in Agoura, which means we're separated by some 65 miles. We have a "hot-line" phone between us, which is very helpful.

Ben: He once called me on the hot-line and declared war against me.

Tom: You see what I have to put up with . . . Ben is greatly influenced by Henny Youngman. Anyway, once a week I go to San Pedro with tight outlines of a Motley week, a Motley Sunday, a Sporting Life week, and a Sporting Life Sunday.

Ben: Then we open negotiations.

Tom: Ben has this neon sign over his desk that says: I HAVE BEEN SYNDICATED FOUR TIMES, THEREFORE I AM ALWAYS RIGHT! When we argue he turns on the sign. Seriously, we collaborate very well. We go over each idea, discussing both the art work and writing. It's a pleasure to work with Ben because he's an absolute genius . . . he can draw anything! From aliens from outer space to joggers to nasty bosses. I have yet to come up with a visual he can't draw. However, I've come up with many he *won't* draw!

Ben: Usually it's a dispute over taste . . . Tom doesn't have any.

Tom: Which explains why I work with Ben. Actually Ben has taught me a lot . . . especially to think in terms of more visual humor, which has led to a lot more sight-gags, especially in Motley, than we used when the strip first started.

Ben: Then after we've agreed on everything, Tom looks at the finished art-work of the gags he brought the previous week — which then are mailed to New York. We've never missed a deadline. Not even come close.

Tom: Ben and I are very close in age although he looks much older. We're both 42. And we're very close in humor. We see the "funny" in everything, which is probably why Bob Reed and Don Michel only take us out to dinner at McDonalds. They embarrass easily.

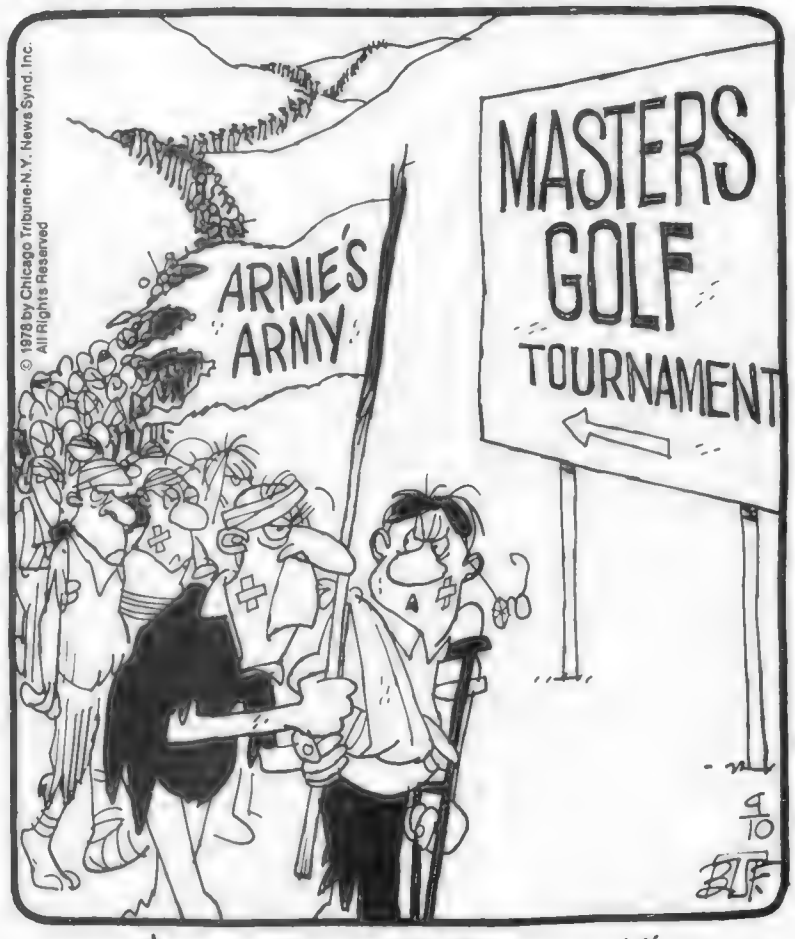
Ben: Most older people do.

Are there disadvantages being on the west coast?

Tom: Yes . . . our paychecks take longer to get here. We talked about this, and while there are some disadvantages — like not being able to participate fully in NCS matters

This comment on Arnold Palmer's unkillable army was written and drawn 8 weeks before the Masters. If Arnie had won, Forman-Templeton would have been in deep trouble.

"YOU KNOW, MARTHA,, FOR A MOMENT THERE I DIDN'T THINK WE'D MAKE IT THROUGH THOSE RAPIDS."



"WAIT 'TIL **NEXT** YEAR!"

AS PRESIDENT, IT'S MAH PRIVILEGE...

CARTER MUST BE A LOUSY SPEAKER!

NAW, IT'S JUST THAT...

9/25

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..HIS TIMING STINKS.

..TO HOST A DINNER HONORING AMERICA'S BLUE-COLLAR WORKERS..

..THERE'S THE KICKOFF OF THE BEARS-VIKINGS GAME...

JIMMY, SOME PEOPLE SAY YOU'RE **ALREADY** RUNNING FOR RE-ELECTION.

THAT'S UTTER NONSENSE, MIKE! I DON'T KNOW WHERE...

9/29

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..THEY'D GET AN IDEA LIKE THAT!

I SUPPORTED PROPOSITION 13

SO THIS IS WHERE YOU MAKE ALL YOUR PRESIDENTIAL DECISIONS?

YES, MIKE, THIS IS WHERE I CAREFULLY WEIGH THE PROS AND CONS OF EACH NATIONAL PROBLEM..

9/28

WHAT'S THIS FOR?

WAIT! DON'T OPEN..

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..THAT..

TRUST ME MAYBE NO YES NO MAYBE TRUST ME

AS SNEAKY AS THE RUSSIANS ARE, HOW D'YOU KNOW THIS OVAL OFFICE OF YOURS AIN'T BUGGED??

BECAUSE, EARL, I THINK **OUR** SECRET SERVICE IS THE **BEST**! DON'T YOU?

9/30

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NYET.

THE SPORTING LIFE

"YOU SHOOT!"

and get involved in the Museum project, we'd rather work out here.

Ben: I don't think I'd like it back East. I understand you have to wear shoes.

Tom: And, after all, how many cartoonists can you shoe-horn into Connecticut?! If Russia ever bombed that State we'd pick up at least 100 papers! But it would be nice to live where people in the community understand cartoonists and comic strip people. Out here our neighbors think Ben and I are bookies because we never go to work in an office! Seriously, someday we both want to visit our fellow cartoonists in Connecticut.

Ben: We just hope Mort Walker will approve our visas.

Who are your favorite cartoonists?

Tom: As a writer, I've got to vote for Dik Browne. He's a master at pacing and dialogue.

I love the things Unger does in HERMAN. Garry Trudeau, even though he draws with a xerox machine, is a very good writer. But Trudeau really irritates me when he glamorizes drugs. I can't take that. I taught high school and saw 4 kids die from drugs. I don't think drugs have a place in the comic strips. Trudeau would probably say Mike Motley's beer is a drug, but you can't equate drugs and beer. Very few people die suddenly from beer, or kill to buy a six-pack.

Ben: I agree with Tom — Dik Browne is about as good as you get. Bud Blake is one of the greatest, and, of course, Hank Ketcham.

What materials do you use?

Ben: I use Pelikan 120 fountain pens for drawing and lettering. On the dailies, I do a tight pencil first on a rag bond, then trace in ink on a heavy vellum sheet — I use Monrue Overlay #48H. The advantages are no erasing of pencil lines and a tight reus able pencil sketch for times the post office screws up. On Sundays I use 2-ply Strathmore.

Tom: I use a typewriter.

Ben: Could have fooled me.

Where do you get your ideas?

Tom: Watching girls jog . . . but they can't be used. Ideas come from everywhere. Driving. Playing golf. Reading. Listening to people carefully. Watching them. And we get a lot of ideas from our weekly brainstorming session.

Ben: We get a lot of ideas from that brainstorming. We just spark each other's creativity. I'll just say something to Tom, casually, like "I saw a guy driving on the freeway with a live raccoon on his head." You can see Tom's eyes glaze over and you know he's writing. This either proves two heads are better than one or that Tom and I are each one-half of a cartoonist.

Tom: I know which half I am!

What is the most important key to doing comic strips?

Tom: Calling the Syndicate collect and getting away with it. Actually, there's only one key and that's having the readers around the country understand and relate to the gags. Thus you can't be too esoteric. You can't do jokes about New York City that won't be understood in Peoria. Also, keep it simple. Keep the dialogue — the punch line — in the last panel as short as you can make it! Don't overwrite your joke. And if you can use a sight gag in place of words *always* do so. And, if you're a writer like me, find a genius of an artist like Ben Templeton.

Ben: This seems like a minor thing, but you should never — NEVER — miss a deadline. Once you get behind it's hell to catch up, and your product quality goes down. And, if you're an artist, find somebody like Tom Forman to do the *hard* part — the writing.

Tom: *That* will cost you an extra 10%.

Ben: Settle for another beer?

Tom: Same thing. ●

Computers From Cartoons

The Photographic Alliance

Bob Flemate creates most of the celebrity cartoons at his drawing board at Atari, Inc. in Sunnyvale, California.

One of the charter subscribers to our magazine, STEVE HARDING, a longtime cartoon buff, sent us this story telling how cartoon characters drawn at his company, Atari, Inc., are turned into three-dimensional life-size figures (with computer 'innards') which perform at a pizza theatre the firm operates. Steve oversees the writing and design of the Owners Manuals for the video games his company produces in its consumer division, and thought that our readers would like to hear one more example of how cartoons can communicate with the public. The story was written by Connie Franceschi, who researched the details and arranged for the accompanying photos.

Seated at his drawing board, graphic designer Bob Flemate put the finishing touches on the hippopotamus that stared back at him. "Her name is Dolli Dimples." he said. "In three months I'll be able to shake hands with her."

Flemate, a graphic designer for Atari, Inc. in Sunnyvale, California, creates the visual designs for the computer celebrities that entertain at the Chuck E. Cheese Pizza Time Theatre in San Jose, California.

The Pizza Time Theatre features a mountain of pizza and a showcase of computer animation. These cartoon celebrities are brought to you from Flemate's drawing board via Fantasy Forest, the Los Angeles company that turns Flemate's creations into three dimensional life-size computers.

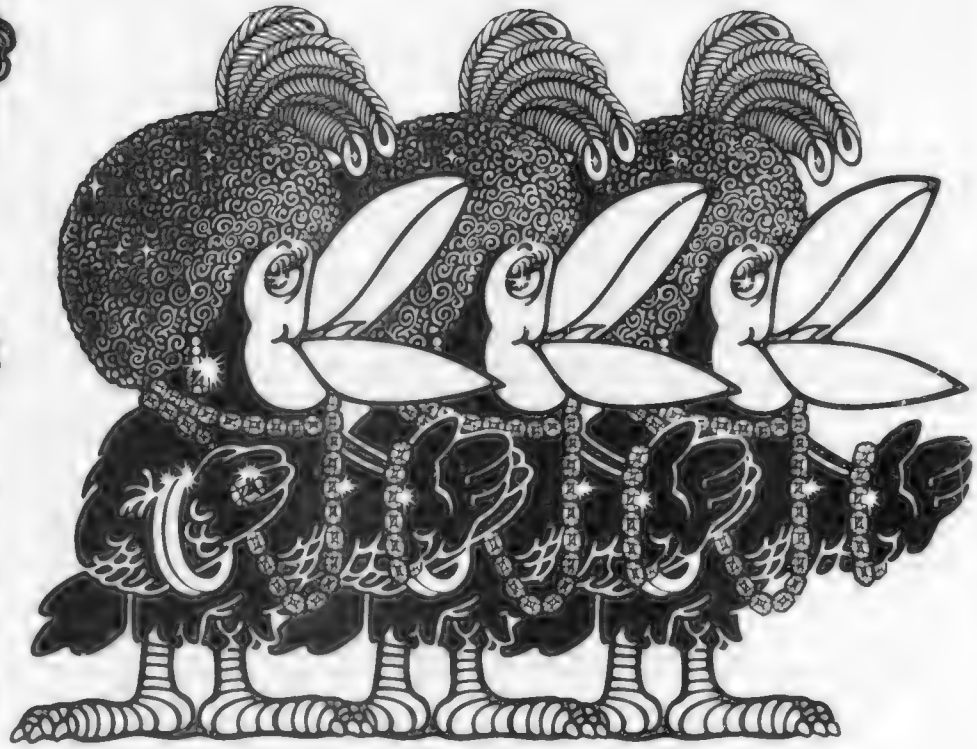
While pizza lovers munch pizza, the computer celebrities entertain the audience with all the savvy of a Las Vegas dinner show. Lights dim. The drums roll, and one by one, the computerized celebrities appear in the spotlight with songs, comedy routines and enough human mannerisms to make the audience forget these celebrities aren't human.

Flemate's first Pizza Time Theatre personality was Chuck E. Cheese, the Theatre's namesake and acting master of ceremonies for all the entertainment. Admitting that Disney already cornered the market on celebrity cartoon mice, Flemate says his Chuck E. Cheese mouse bears no resemblance to the famous Mickey Mouse.

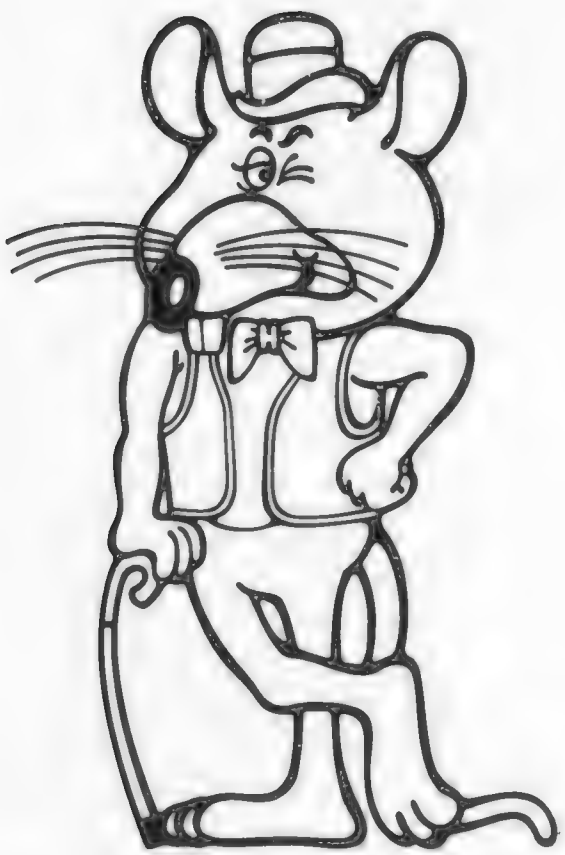
"His clothes and the gargantuan two front teeth protruding from a sly grin give Chuck E. that 'Big Cheese' look." said Flemate. With his tough guy New York accent, Chuck E. provided the springboard for Flemate's second character, Crusty the Cat. "Crusty plays off Chuck E.'s personality, and this determined his appearance from the beginning" said Flemate. Subsequently Crusty became a cat with a perpetually bewildered look, a ho-hum shirt and a cockeyed baseball cap. When on stage, Crusty and Chuck E. perform as a classic comedy team with Crusty acting the straight man to Chuck E.'s street-wise barbs.

Other Pizza Time Theatre performers developed by Flemate include:

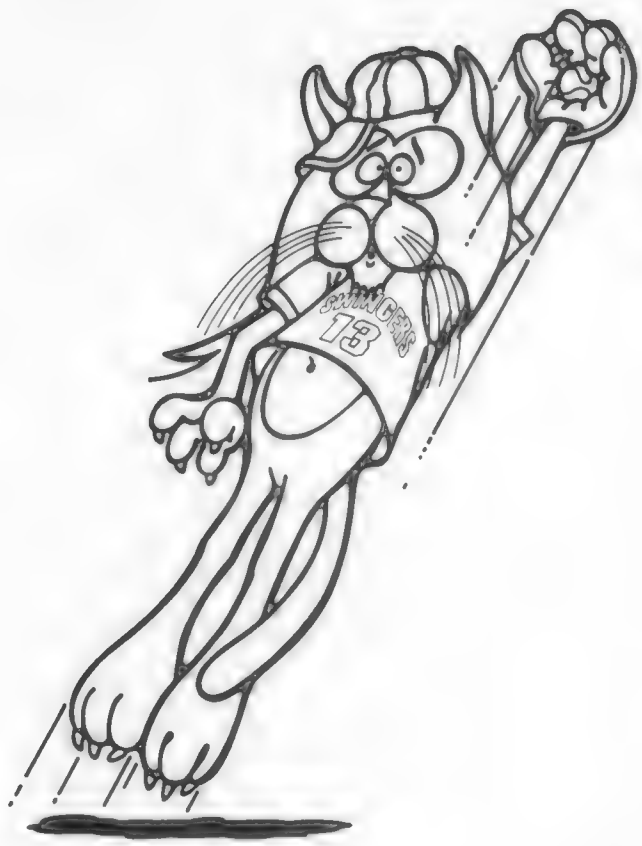
DOLLI DIMPLES



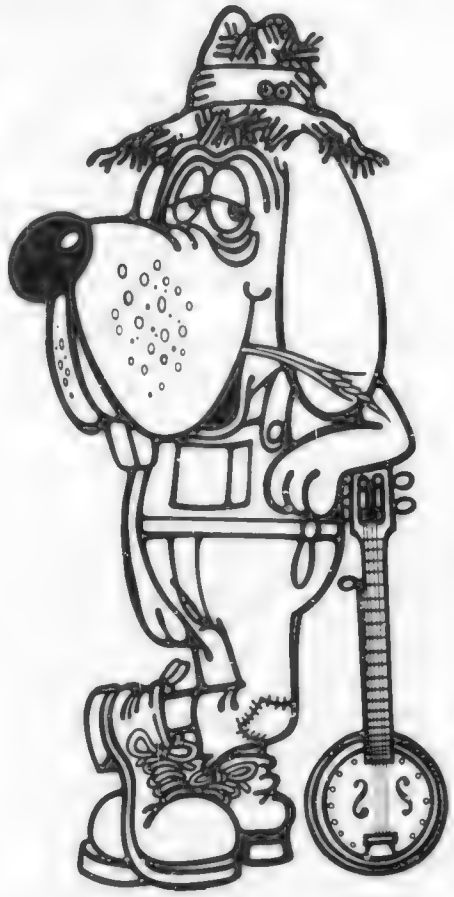
THE WARBLETTES



CHUCK E. CHEESE



CRUSTY THE CAT



JASPER T. JOWLS

Flemate introduces himself to one of his cartoons, Dolli Dimples, now a life-size computer celebrity at Pizza Time Theatre in San Jose, California.

DOLLI DIMPLES: A sultry voiced hippo who tickles those 88's and the audience with her renditions of popular songs.

JASPER T. JOWLS: In the good 'ole boy image, this banjo pluckin' dog is a cross between Will Rogers and Billy Carter. "A backwoods country type of character was my first idea for direction." said Flemate. "A dog seemed natural, especially a hound dog. Like all my characters, the personality evolved from the name and look."

WARBLETTES: "The Supremes" of the Pizza Time Theatre. Flemate created these hip magpies complete with afro hairdos, costumes, voices and moves that could make Diana Ross envious.

All of Flemate's characters start with a name developed by the Pizza Time Theatre's marketing staff or Flemate. Most of the names are based on real celebrities and animals. One computer celebrity, Elkton John, for example, is a singing elk whose concept evolved from the popular rock star, Elton John.

The actual appearance of the computer celebrities starts as a sketch on Flemate's vellum tracing pad. "Most of the time, the name plays a major part in the look of the character." noted Flemate. He continues to retrace the character until each detail projects the eventual personality. The finished master pencil sketch is transformed into a sepia print which Flemate colors with markers and pencils. Along with the sepia print, Flemate sends a head-on profile of the cartoon and a color breakdown to Harold Goldbrandson at Fantasy Forest. Goldbrandson creates the three dimensional entertainers with fiberglass, latex plastic, intricate costuming and mechanical and computer technology.

Atari developed the computer electronics that controls the complex movements of each entertainer. This technology is what makes Dolli Dimples' eyes blink, her nose wiggle and her piano-playing fingers move in perfect synchronization to the music.

A resident of San Jose, California, Flemate joined Atari in 1976. Prior to that he was a graphic designer for Douglas Aircraft in Southern California and San Francisco Bay Area advertising agencies. He also was in a partnership in an advertising agency in Palo Alto, California. George Opperman, Atari's Graphics Manager, recruited Flemate after Flemate had been free lancing for five years.

Right now Flemate says he's enthusiastic about creating the Pizza Time Theatre celebrities. When asked to name some of the new ideas for possible computer personalities, he unrolls a sketch of Foxy Far ah, a fox bearing a remarkable resemblance to the famous Farrah. That's one computer Flemate can hardly wait to meet. ●

MUSEUM OF CARTOON ART

Marketplace

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HAPPY HOOLIGAN by F. Opper. 1924. (Edges of Drawing dirty) $500.
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ELMER by Doc Winner. 1956 Sunday $85.
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TOOTS AND CASPER by Jimmy Murphy 1951 Sunday $150
LITTLE IODINE by Jimmy Hatlo. 1962 Sunday $125.
IT'S PAPA WHO PAYS by Jimmy Murphy. 1931 Sunday $125.
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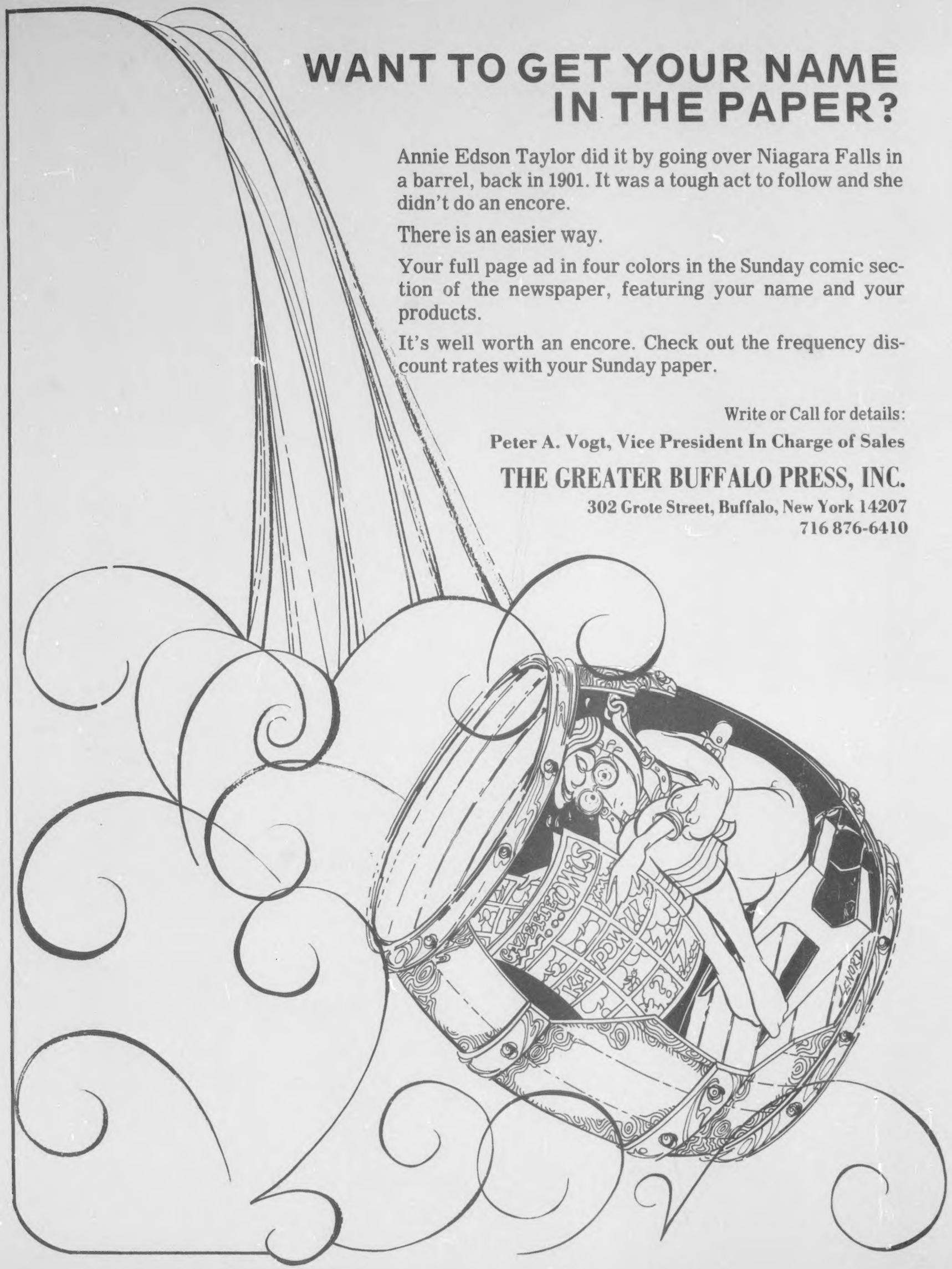

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Jeff Keate
Hank Ketcham
Alex Kotzky
Mell Lazarus
Harold LeDoux
George Lichty
Joe Martin
Fred McCarthy
Dale McFeatters
W. W. Olsen
Bill Mauldin
William Overgard
Brant Parker
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Bill Rechin
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John Saunders
George Sixta
Reggie Smythe
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Brother Juniper
Calman
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Dennis the Menace
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Feiffer
Fred Basset
Freddy
Funky Winkerbean
Grin and Bear It
Judge Parker
Kerry Drake
Know How
Mark Trail
Mary Worth
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Momma
Rex Morgan, M.D.
Rivets
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Steve Roper
Strictly Business
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